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BENEATH THE MOON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Under the moon how the still waters gleam,
The silver is over the breast of the stream;
The cream-white lilies droop languidly down—
Their golden hearts in their perfume they drown;
The feath'ry willow trees shimmer and shine,
The dew lies in diamonds upon the wild vine:
The asphodel closes its nectarous cup,
The passion flower folds its rare beauty up;
And the scent of the thyme, and mint, and the balm,
Float out on the wings of the infinite calm.

The meadows lie quietly wearing the green—
The elms and the linden trees lovingly lean;
The pastures are silent, the flocks are asleep,
The sturdy red oxen beside the white sheep;
No tinkle of cow-bells, no shepherd boy's cry—
The cricket's dull songs on the sweet silence die.
The amber-winged beetles cling fast to the trees,
The golden green butterflies hide in the leaves;
The bee has flown home with his burden of sweets,
To rest in the cool from the summer noon's heats.

The drowsy old farm-houses hidden away
Under hills and in valleys, mossy and gray,
Are silent as church-yards—the spirit of rest
Has stolen upon them and maketh them blest;
And over the shade and the green of Love's Lane,
The silence intensifies, e'en unto pain!
The west sky bears faintest suggestions of pink,
Like a brook when a red rose stoops over to drink.
The forest spring murmurs a mystical tune,
And its sweet waters sparkle under the moon.

Oh, will the moon shine thus in all coming time?
And earth breathe her vague voices subtly sublime?
The flowers burn with crimson and purple and blue,
The red rose be red, and the true heart be true?
Ah! sometime in the mystical Future we know—
We shall all pass away from the light and the glow!
The dew-drops will glitter like pearls in their beds,
In the damp grass that covers our low lying heads—
And the robins will sing through the beautiful June,
And the earth lie in love 'neath the beautiful moon.

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST.

A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "CLARA MORELAND," "FORGED WILL," "REFUGEES," "HALDE OF THE WILDERNESS," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXII.

A STRANGE MEETING.

The yells and shouts and roar of musketry grew louder and louder in the ear of the trembling Isaline. The storm of battle was clearly rolling up toward the point where she stood. What was to be done? To remain was to be involved in the contending forces, and to fly was perhaps to run into new danger—to escape perhaps from friend to foe. Concealment seemed to promise most, and this was offered on the spot. An immense tree had been blown down just before her, and some of its roots were high above her head. A large hollow or cavity had thus been formed in the earth, and this was now filled with brambles. Down in this hollow, close up to the clinging roots of the tree, with the yielding brambles shutting her in, Isaline thought would be the safest place she could find, and she hastened to put herself there.

Nearer and still nearer rolled up the storm of battle. The yells grew louder, the shouts grew louder, the ring of rifles sharper, and now and then was heard the heavy groan or the shrill cry of pain. It appeared as if, while fighting desperately, one party was slowly falling back before the other; but which was pushing on in triumph, Isaline had no means of knowing. Nearer and still nearer came the sounds of furious contest; and at last, peering out from her place of concealment, she began to catch glimpses of white men dodging from tree to tree, loading and firing, and then suddenly falling back, as if pressed upon by superior numbers in front.

The knowledge thus gained was most painful to Isaline, for it seemed to prove that the savages were gradually becoming masters of the field; and the bright ray of hope that had suddenly sprung up in her breast, was already beginning to fade out into the darkness of despair.

In a few minutes more the contest appeared to be directly around her, on every side, and she could now and then distinguish the supporting and cheering words of the brave Kentuckians, while the horrid yells and screeches of the savages seemed to curdle her blood.

Suddenly she became aware of a personal contest within a few feet of her. A white man and a savage had grappled and were swaying to and fro on the verge of the pit in which she was concealed. Each seemed struggling to throw the other; and now they bent and staggered this way and now that—one moment pressing up so as to stir the brambles over her head, and the next falling back some two or three paces. From her position, Isaline could not see their features, nor even the upper portion of their bodies; but she somehow felt as if it were a death-struggle between friend and foe, and that her fate was involved in the contest; and she trembled and held her breath, with her hands pressed upon her heart. Still they rocked and swayed, and stumbled to and fro, till at last the foot of the white man extended beyond the broken earth; and then, failing support, he fell backward upon the brambles, and came crashing down through them, just grazing the head of Isaline, with the panting and furious savage directly on the top of him.

Involuntarily, and we may add unconsciously, Isaline now uttered a wild, prolonged, piercing scream—a scream not unlike that made by the Phantom—and which went echoing and re-echoing far away through the leafy aisles of the forest. Fortunately it fell upon superstitious ears, and the effect was magical. The savage so near to the frightened girl, started up, with a yell of terror, scrambled out of the pit, and bounded away; other similar yells were heard in various directions; the white men shouted to each other and their voices soon grew distant; the firing and noise of conflict ceased; and in the course of two or three minutes the wood around had become as still as if no bloody conflict had ever taken place within its solemn depths.

Isaline was thus left in the bramble-pit, with only the body of a white man by her side. Perhaps a dead body! for it did not stir and gave no sign of life. Neither did she! for the shock of fright had so acted upon her overstrained, nervous system as to suddenly deprive her of consciousness. She had swooned. And thus the two lay side by side, with the yielding brambles closed around and above them, as the dead might lay.

After the lapse of a few minutes, Isaline began to revive. At first she was confused and bewildered, and could not recollect where she was, nor what had occurred to place her in that strange situation. Then, just as she began to have a clear comprehension of the startling truth, a dull, heavy groan sounded in her ear. The man beside her then was wounded—perhaps dying—but not yet dead! Poor fellow! what could she do for him? and what might she dare do for him? for as yet she knew nothing of the effect produced by her shriek of terror, and still supposed herself surrounded by savage enemies. What had become of his dusky adversary? was her mental query; and why was all around her so silent? Had she indeed been unconscious for a long time? and was the battle indeed over? and who were the victors?

Another groan from the man beside her appealed directly to her tender, sympathetic, womanly nature. A fellow-being, who had bravely fought, (perhaps for her,) might be dying for the want of attention and care—such attention and care as it was in her power to bestow—and she now gave her whole thought to him. Carefully she pushed back the brambles and raised herself over him; and then, nerving herself for a horrid sight, and such work as it might be in her woman's power to perform, she carefully parted and pushed aside the brambles that concealed his face and body from her view.

Merciful God!

For a few moments Isaline Holcombe had no power of volition; her breath became suspended; her face colorless, even to her lips; her muscles rigid—her features stony—her eyes glaring! Then, with a great cry—great in its expression of agonized emotion, that welled up and rushed outward from the innermost depths of her being—she fell forward and clasped, with the embrace of a love eternal as immortal existence, the insensible form of Henry Colburn!

Thus had they been drawn together to meet again.

Was it Providence?

Tears came to the relief of Isaline—tears came and saved her: or reason might have left her—or soul and body might have parted: for unutterable joy, or unutterable grief, results sometimes in insanity or death.

While Isaline wept, with her arms clasping Henry and her lips pressed to his, consciousness returned to him: as if his spirit, hovering about its mortal tenement and ready to take its eternal flight, had been forced back and secured by the strongest of earthly powers. Consciousness returned to him, and he opened his eyes, to behold what his mental faculties were not prepared to comprehend and believe. Was he dreaming? or was the idol of his soul within his embrace?

"Isaline!" he murmured, and trembled with the sweet word, lest the ecstatic vision should suddenly dissolve and be no more.

"Oh, Henry!" burst wildly and rapturously from the quivering lips of the devoted girl, and was followed by a flood of tears. "Oh! God in Heaven be praised that you do live!"

Henry clasped his arms around her, and strained her to his heart, in a strange, incomprehensible delirium of joy.

For some time neither spoke again. It seemed to be enough for them to know that each lived in the other's arms—each lived in the other's soul.

Isaline was the first to break the rapturous silence.

"Oh, Henry," she cried, in sudden alarm, "Heaven forgive me for forgetting that you are wounded! that you may be dying!"

"Wounded, dearest angel?" he answered, with a wondering look at her, and a quick, puzzled glance around him. "Wounded? I? Where am I? and what has happened? and where did you come from? and how came we both here in this thicket?"

"Before I answer your many questions, dear Henry," replied Isaline, "let me find your wound and bind it up; and get the assurance, if our kind Father in Heaven will grant me so much happiness, that you are not now about to be snatched from me by death!"

"I think you are mistaken, dearest Isaline, in supposing that I am wounded!" returned Henry.

"Why then were you so long unconscious, after falling down here, with the savage fairly upon you?"

"The savage?—yes—ha! I recollect now. My companions and I were engaged in a battle with the Indians, who outnumbered us; and they were driving us back—when—what?—let me think! -ha! yes—I encountered one single-handed; and we grappled and wrestled; and I fell down—down—down—I know not where."

"Here," said Isaline, "almost upon my very head! It was here you fell, dear Henry. I witnessed the awful struggle, and saw you come crashing down here, (though I little dreamed then it was you,) upon the very spot where now you lie, with the savage fairly upon you; and then I lost my senses, which have just returned again, to show you here by my side."

"Here?" exclaimed Henry; "was the fight here, do you say? Then where are the combatants now? Where are my friends and where are my foes? and what has become of the Indian I struggled with? and who, as you say, fell upon me."

"Ah, Henry, I know no more than yourself. When you fell, there was fighting all around us; but what followed, after the world turned dark to me, I do not know, nor how long a time has elapsed since then. I only know that, when I came to myself, all was still here till I heard you groan. Oh do, pray, see if you are not wounded! for if not, why should you have been unconscious for so long a time?"

As no wound could be found upon the person of Henry—none at least more serious than here and there a scratch and a bruise—the conclusion was arrived at that he had been stunned in falling—which was in a measure confirmed by the discovery that his head in one place was much swollen and tender to the touch. His face too still exhibited some marks of the brutal treatment he had received from Blodget and Hampton. After the examination had been carefully made, Isaline breathed again; and even ventured to hope, though with fear and trembling, that all might yet be well with them.

"It is very strange," said Henry, "that friends and foes should all have left this ground so soon after the fight! for I can see, by the position of the sun, that no great length of time has elapsed since the struggle. "Ha!" he added, "I think I understand it now! The whites have probably been vanquished, and the Indians have gone in pursuit of them! If so, the savages may come back again to search the ground for plunder and untaken scalps!"

"Oh, God forbid!" gasped Isaline; "for I am sure it would be death to me to again fall into their hands!"

"And you must not!" said Henry, with a shudder; "oh, God of mercy, you must not!—sooner would I die to save you from such a fate!"

"But do not forget yourself, my noble, generous friend!" returned Isaline; "do not forget that those cruel beings would treat you even worse than me! for while I might be doomed only to rough, harsh usage, you would certainly be decreed to die at the stake, in the most agonizing tortures! Oh, I tremble to think what we have just escaped from! And oh! how wonderfully, mysteriously, miraculously, we have been preserved through all our perils and brought together again!"

"Most wonderfully, most mysteriously, most miraculously indeed!" said Henry. "Ah, my dear, dear Isaline, pray tell me what has happened to you? what terrible trials and sufferings and agonies you have gone through since we parted before the station, and I left you in the hands of two white devils, to say nothing of their savage friends? and how you came to be here in this pit, to receive me, like a guardian angel, when my enemy hurled me down, as he believed, to destruction? Oh, it is all so strange and wonderful, that even now I can hardly credit my senses, and am led to fear it is all a dream, from which I too too soon shall wake!"

"Henry," observed Isaline, solemnly, "it was Providence that preserved and brought us together, and Providence is God! That accounts for all—for His ways are not as our ways, and His secrets are past finding out. But Henry, my dearest friend," she added, glancing timidly around and up through the brambly screen, "have we time to remain here and recount our adventures? Are we safe here? Shall we not be in danger of recapture in case the enemy return as you fear?"

"That is what I must consider at once!" replied Henry. "Remain here, perfectly quiet, while I go and reconnoitre."

"Oh, you will be very careful, very prudent, Henry?" anxiously spoke Isaline, as he cautiously stretched himself up through the dense thicket to peer about him.

"My darling, I will!" he answered. "I will not forget that much of all we both have suffered, was the result of my carelessness; and God forgive me, if, with your sweet self in my care, I ever forget the lesson I then learned!"

Henry first peered about the wood from his place of concealment; and then, again cautioning Isaline to remain perfectly quiet and not expose herself to the chance view of any one, under any circumstances, he crept carefully up from the pit, out into the more open forest, leaving her, pale and trembling, to pray for his safe return.

He was only absent a few minutes from her side, and brought back with him two rifles.

"Here is a mystery which I cannot solve!" he said in a whisper, as with great care he drew together the bent and parted brambles over head, so that it might appear to a casual eye they had not been disturbed. "When the savage and myself, with both our pieces discharged, suddenly encountered for that death struggle, which so Providentially resulted in placing me by the side of the only being on earth I truly love, (for great events have been so ordered that I dare speak thus to you now, my darling,) we threw aside our larger weapons, and I have now found both on the ground where they fell. The question therefore arises, what has become of the Indian with whom I fought? I remember of being grappled with him, and struggling hard for some considerable time, and of finally falling what appeared to me a long, long ways downward—though the distance, it seems, was only a few feet; but if he kept hold of me, as you say he did, what can have become of him? and how is it—since, as we see, he had strength enough left to get off—he did not kill and scalp us both while we were in his power?"

"It seems to me now," answered Isaline, reflecting, "as if I might have uttered a wild cry, or shriek, at the moment—but I am not sure. Would that have been sufficient to have frightened him off, Henry?"

"Perhaps—if, like the scouts, he had any superstitious fears concerning the Phantom."

"Oh, yes," rejoined Isaline, quickly, "the Phantom has actually appeared among the Indians. I saw it myself, and they heard it, and they fear it, and think it is an Evil Spirit!"

"Ha! perhaps then," said Henry, jumping directly at the truth, "you did utter a wild cry! (what more likely?) and both whites and savages, mistaking the sound for that of the object of their dread, at once fled in dismay. This would certainly account for their sudden departure, and is the most rational explanation I can think of."

"But even granting your conjecture to be the correct one, Henry, is there no danger of their coming back here soon?" anxiously inquired Isaline.

"Much may depend on circumstances."

"And if they should, are we safe here? are we concealed here from their sharp, prying eyes?"

"If we keep perfectly still and silent, I am inclined to believe we may not be discovered: at least, dear Isaline, I think we are quite as safe here as we can be anywhere in this region. If we were to attempt a hurried flight through the forest, we might run into danger instead of running from it—the eyes of some scouting savage might fall upon us and thus seal our doom."

"You think then we had better remain here, Henry?"

"For the present, dearest—perhaps through the day, to set off under cover of darkness. I have so arranged these brambles over our heads, that I do not think any eye will be sufficiently attracted to them to cause any search to be made underneath."

"But should the Indian you fought with return, would he not be likely to look into this thicket, to see if his foe be still here?"

"Perhaps. Still I can not but think, dear Isaline, since we have been so wonderfully preserved and brought together, that a way will be provided for us to be saved. If we can only remain here undiscovered till night, and you find yourself able to endure the fatigues of a ten-mile journey, with God's help I will conduct you to a stronghold where you will no longer be in danger from the barbarians of the wilderness!"

"Are we indeed within ten miles of a station, Henry?"

"The distance is not greater—it may be less."

"And you know the way, Henry?"

"So well, dear Isaline, that I can easily lead you thither after dark."

"Oh, Heaven send us that deliverance!"

"And Heaven will, I do believe."

Henry now cautiously proceeded to load the two rifles, and place them in a position where they could be grasped in an instant. This done, he gently passed his arm around the slender form of Isaline, drew her fondly to him, and looking, with the eye of saddened love, full into her pale, sweet, lovely countenance, said tenderly:

"Isaline, my darling, now let me hear your tale of suffering since we parted—that parting, my sweet angel, that almost broke my heart—when I flew away from you as if I were a coward—but only that I might save you in the end, or come back as your avenger!"

"A parting," said Isaline, "that thrilled me with joy unspeakable, because of the belief that you might pass beyond the reach of your foes!"

"God bless you, my own!" returned Henry, impulsively drawing the noble girl to his heart, and impressing upon her sweet lips a seal of deep, pure, holy love.

Trembling with happiness, with hope, and with fear—with the warm blood mounting upward and giving the whole face a radiant glow—or falling back to the heart and leaving an ivy pallor in its place—in accordance with the powerful and conflicting emotions that controlled her—Isaline began and told her tale.

Henry listened with intense and breathless interest, with a wildly beating heart, and with his feelings and passions so strongly stirred that he could not all the time keep silent, but was occasionally forced to interrupt the sweet narrator with an exclamation of anger, or of pity, or to ask some important question.

Among other things, the Phantom excited his interest and curiosity to a wonderful degree; but though his speculations failed to solve the mystery, they tended to convince him that it was some strange animal—perhaps of an unknown genus or species. Isaline, however, who had seen it, under the strong excitement of awe and fear, was not prepared to agree with him, because it had suddenly *vanished* from her sight; and how could a mere *animal* vanish?

"Optical illusion," explained Henry, who was something of a philosopher as well as artist. "Remember the hour, my dear Isaline, the dull grey of morning—the distance of the object from where you were lying—the excited state of your feelings, affecting your vision—and then the scene, so every way favorable to a sudden disappearance by the dropping of the Thing to the ground, or its quick gliding behind a tree, or its pushing into a thicket."

"No, Henry, it *vanished!*" persisted Isaline. Like most persons who have seen anything wonderful or marvellous, its mysterious properties had with Isaline been rather increased than lessened by subsequent reflection. "I was looking directly at it, had not for a moment taken my eyes from it, when it suddenly *vanished*, as if into air."

"Well, let it pass for the present, for I am anxious to hear the rest of your painful story, dear Isaline," said Henry, knowing how useless it would be to argue against an illusive conviction without substantial proof to sustain his points.

Isaline went on to the conclusion, and her eventful narration affected Henry in the manner described. During some of the details concerning Methoto and Hampton, he could not keep himself passive; and unconsciously his fingers clutched at his throat, as if his anger were choking him, or hovered convulsively around the haft of his knife, while his lips not unfrequently parted with a bitter, threatening exclamation. The final result, however—the bringing of himself and the being he loved together in so strange a manner—tended to soothe and soften down his revengeful irritation, and inspire him with a feeling of reverential awe; so that at last he bowed his head humbly, and said solemnly:

"It was the hand of God!"

At the urgent request of Isaline, Henry now told the story of his own adventures, after his escape from his captors before the station; but these we will not dwell upon. He had fortunately soon met with a large body of armed Kentuckians, who had been brought to the rescue from a distant station by Rough Tom; and he had subsequently been provided with arms and clothing, and had joined in the pursuit of the flying Indians. Rough Tom had received him with the wildest demonstrations of joy, as one who had come back from the dead; and learning from him that Isaline was a captive, the rough woodsman had, in his characteristic manner, sworn to rescue her or lose his own scalp. Night soon coming on, they had not been able to pursue the Indians far that day, but had started on their trail at the break of morn. When they reached the place where the Indians had divided, their own force had also divided, and a part had followed each trail—Henry and the scouts pursuing the larger party, because they had discovered that Isaline had been taken along with the main body. Subsequently their force, large enough at that time to have overpowered the savages, had again been divided, the other division striking off to the northward, toward the Ohio, with the view of alarming the country in that direction and effectually cutting the Indians off from that river when they should attempt to leave the country in that direction, as it was supposed they soon would. By pushing on rapidly, giving themselves little rest, the direct pursuers, some twenty in number, had succeeded in overtaking the savages on the present morning, and the battle in which Isaline

had so strangely been involved had been the immediate result. At the time of the attack, about half of the Indians were mounted; but these had quickly given their horses in charge of a few—who had taken them, with the plunder they were carrying, beyond the reach of the flying bullets—and then all had joined in the contest, fighting with a desperation that was giving them an assurance of victory at the moment Henry lost his senses in the manner shown. He knew that some had been killed and wounded on both sides; but what had since become of the living or dead, of course he could not say.

"When we first came up with the Indians, dear Isaline," said Henry, "I eagerly looked for you; but not seeing you among them, I had reason to suppose you had been killed; and then, with such mental anguish as tongue cannot express, I sternly resolved that while a single savage lived I would not come out of the fight alive; and that was the cause of my reckless desperation, of which you were to some extent a witness."

"Ah, my dear, dear friend," returned Isaline, "it is fortunate I then little dreamed that the white man I saw struggling with the Indian was yourself—though I thought it possible you might be in the fight—or I fear I should have impulsively rushed out from my hiding-place, and probably both of us would have been destroyed."

"God bless you, my darling!" ejaculated Henry, again pressing the lovely maiden to his heart. "How well everything was ordered for the salvation of us both!" he reverently added. "Ah, yes, dear Isaline, I truly see the hand of God in all!"

There was a long, solemn pause, during which both, with souls full of gratitude for their wonderful preservation, offered up silent prayers of thanksgiving.

"Was Rough Tom with you when the fight commenced?" at length inquired Isaline.

"Yes, he and the scouts that came with you down the Ohio, and a dozen or so of other borderers that you do not know. Ah! old Tom may be *rough*, as his sobriquet implies," said Henry, with an enthusiastic glow, "but his heart is true to his friends, and I shall never forget his eager determination to rescue the colonel's daughter, as he calls you."

"Heaven bless him!" ejaculated Isaline; "and I hope and pray no harm has befallen him!"

"God forbid!" said Henry, quickly; "for rough and unlettered as he is, I have not in all this wide world a friend to supply his place. I have not told you what I learned from him since we met—that he was on his way back from the train in search of us, when he saw the tornado tear through the wood before him, and believed we were both involved in it and destroyed—notwithstanding which, he went on, as soon as the storm was over, and, while picking his way through the fallen timbers, discovered the Indians. He then fled back to the train, which he found at the ford, with the water so raised that it could only be crossed by swimming over the horses. He gave the alarm—and a wild, terrific one it was—and had barely succeeded in getting the whole party across, when the savages appeared on the opposite bank, and fired a volley over, killing a little child. Only for his turning back to seek us, the whole number would either have been killed or captured—for they would not have attempted to cross the river in its swollen state, and the Indians would have had them at their mercy."

"Ah, Providence again!" said Isaline; "do you not see? If we had not turned off from our companions, no one would have turned back to seek us, the Indians would not have been discovered, the ford would not have been crossed, and all would have been involved in one common ruin."

"True! true! true!" slowly and thoughtfully repeated Henry. "Yes, I see, dear Isaline—I see! Such are the mysterious ways of Providence indeed!"

"Do you know if my poor girls reached the fort in safety?" inquired Isaline.

"Yes, and they are almost inconsolable for the loss of their sweet mistress."

"Poor dear things!" sighed Isaline; "I believe they truly love me!"

"How can the poor things help it?" smiled Henry, with a look that clearly showed he believed them to have no choice.

"Flatterer!" returned Isaline, with a modest flush and a pretty pout.

It was the design of Henry, as we have shown, that he and Isaline should if possible remain in their place of concealment through the day, and set off after dark to find their way to the nearest station; and in pursuance of this plan they had passed a couple of hours together, in undisturbed happiness, when, alas! a series of events took place which were destined to plunge them into the deepest depths of wretchedness and woe.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GATHERING TO DOOM.

Although it is well known to every student of history that great panics in battle have resulted from the most trivial causes, and great armies by such means have been put to rout and dynasties overthrown, yet we do not recollect another instance where the shriek of a frightened woman put an end to a fierce contest and sent the whole number of combatants flying in different directions. Yet the effect of superstition on rude, unlettered minds, is such as to render men who are ordinarily brave enough to face danger and death like Stoics, mere trembling, quaking cowards in the presence of some simple mystery which they cannot fathom.

The fight between the Kentuckians and Indians ceased suddenly with Isaline's wild cry of terror, and then each party turned and fled swiftly from the enchanted ground. The whites ran one way and the savages another, and neither party stopped till some two or three miles had been placed between them and the field of battle.

Among the borderers Rough Tom was acting as leader; and though one of the fastest runners at first, he gradually slackened his pace, and at last came to a sudden stop and bellowed out:

"Halt, boys, and let the Phantom be ——! for the furder I runs the meaner I feels. Wh-e-w! woofh! wagh! shagh! whar's the use? Come around me, boys, and let's see who's missing! How many's he-yar?"

A count showed only fifteen.

"Six gone?" roared Tom, with a tremendous oath; "six good fellers used up by them —— greasy, paint-daubed, nigger-faced, owdacious, rum-guzzled, cantankerous, thieving devils? And we've run away and let'em off, hey? By thunder, I'm agwine back fur revenge! and I'll her it, af I has to swim the Ohio to git it! Whar's Harry Colburn?"

No one had seen him since the fight.

"What!" yelled Tom; "he gone ag'in? and the colonel's darter not found, eyther! By ——! this he-yar's a leetle too much for a Christian, by a long —— sight, and a'most tempts a feller to sw'ar!"

In fact it would seem it even did tempt Tom to swear—for he certainly managed to get rid of about a dozen oaths, that, in the mouth of any one else, would have sounded very much like profanity.

A consultation of the borderers resulted in a determination to go back and reconnoitre the field of battle.

"S'pose it war the Phantom," said Tom, beginning to bring a little philosophy to his aid, and really ashamed of the manner in which he had conducted himself: "s'pose it war the Phantom, boys, and be —— to it! It haint hurt nobody yit, as I knows on; a who's agwine to make a cussed fool of hisself, and run away from every thing what takes a notion to screech and yell in the forest, hey? Has we been fotched up in the woods to be skeered at owls, hey? It looks like it, by Judas! I've heard the —— thing a good many times; I've had it light right on top o' my back once, with its eyes of fire and breath o' brimstone, and all that; and I've done a heap of tall walking to git out of it's way; but of ever I does it ag'in, jest feed me on green persimmons, camp me on rattle-snakes, and rub me down with briars! Woofh! whar's the use? Boys, thar's nothing in it—no, sir—not a —— thing! Look he-yar! didn't it skeer us all nigh to death—all of us as was thar, I mean—the night of the duel? and didn't it git arter that infarnal, dandyfied, monkey-eyed, finiky slink of a coward—that ar' Hampton—that oughter been killed? and didn't we say the Devil had got him, and that he'd never come back, and sich like? and didn't he git off and jine the red-niggers, and put all these devils on to our trail, and he hisself overhaul Harry and the colonel's darter? Whew! Whar's the use o' having a Phantom, ef it can't put sich hellyuns as him out o' the way when it gits arter 'em? I don't believe in't no more; and I'm agwine back, to stand up, fa'r and squar', agin ary thing as wants a tussle with old Rough Tom! Agh! wagh! woofh! whar's the use?"

Now it so happened, that about the same time the Kentuckians were holding their consultation and resolving to go back, the Indians were doing the same thing.

"We have acted rather like children than warriors!" said Blodget, in his address to them.

He wanted to go back, for he hoped to be able to find Isaline, whose trail of the previous night they had been pursuing at the moment of being attacked by the whites; Methoto also wished to go back for the same reason; and the warriors generally thought they would be sufficiently rewarded for returning—for at least three of the whites had been killed, and only one scalped, and neither of them stripped, and there might be others wounded who had not been able to get away from the scene of strife.

So the Kentuckians and Indians started back for the battle-field about the same time—the latter scouting and leaving their horses and plunder, and three wounded warriors, in a deep little valley, with three more of their number to guard them.

The main body of the savages returned leisurely, keeping out a few scouts in advance. They were mostly in good spirits, for so far they had met with as much success in the country as they had any good reason to expect. They had been driven from Higgins' Blockhouse, it is true; but since then they had had matters pretty much their own way. The first night they had secured a number of scalps, considerable plunder, and some twenty horses, with no loss to themselves; the second night their expedition up the river had proved a comparative failure, because of the whites having been on their guard; but they had come off without the loss of a single man, and had secured two more horses, and killed some cattle, and were therefore well supplied with meat. The desertion of Hampton and the escape of Isaline had annoyed and angered them not a little. At first they supposed Hampton had gone back to the whites, in revenge for the manner he had been treated in respect to his prisoner; but the morning had shown them the truth, in the connection of the two trails, and they had set forward to recapture both. The attack of the whites had been a surprise; but being superior in numbers, and having soon found themselves getting the advantage, the whole affair was affording them a species of fierce delight at the moment when the shriek of Isaline alarmed and put them to flight, and this because they had superstitiously believed the sound to proceed from something not of this world. They had the same belief still; but subsequent reflection and consultation had convinced them they had acted foolishly in running away; and they were now returning, with a determination to face the mystery and secure whatever advantage might still be left to them.

At the time when Isaline, seated on the high bank of the Kentucky river, just after her escape from Hampton, fancied she heard his voice calling her name, she was not mistaken. She fled through the forest, it will be remembered, and he actually set forward on her trail. Though wanting the experience of a regular woodsman, he had succeeded in tracing her into the wood, and was carefully following in her steps, when the distant sound of fire-arms reached and startled him. He stopped, for he had no desire to go forward and fall into the hands of either the whites or savages. Not knowing what better to do, he remained within hearing of the sounds of conflict till the battle ended in the flight of the combatants. The Indians fled somewhat in his direction; and from his place of concealment, in a thick copse, he actually saw some of them pass within hailing distance. He did not hail them, however; but supposing the battle had gone against them, and that the Kentuckians would soon follow them, he struck off in another direction, thinking now of his own safety rather than the recapture of Isaline. In doing this, heedless of his course, he soon got bewildered, and was wandering about in the wood, when he was suddenly sprung upon and secured by two of the Indian scouts while on their return to the place of combat in advance of the main body. Hampton attempted some resistance at first; but having been taken by surprise and at advantage, it proved to be very feeble; and a blow on the head, that nearly stunned him, effectually settled the matter. His captors now gave a loud, peculiar halloo, and were immediately answered by more than a dozen voices from a distance.

In the course of three or four minutes the warriors came bounding up, and, on seeing Hampton, uttered fierce yells of satisfaction, and several rushed up to him, with horrid scowls, and struck him with their fists and the handles of their tomahawks, and pinched and kicked him, and howled and danced around him, and insulted him with such English words as they could remember:

"Big t'ief—steal squaw—mean man—run away—burn heap good—big liar—" and so forth and so on.

Thus was this scheming villain already getting a bitter taste of that misery he had so fiendishly designed for his rival. Being a captive of savages, he now found was a very different thing from being an ally and friend.

Blodget and Methoto were among the last to rejoin the fierce group, now whooping and dancing around Hampton, and it was easy to see that both were surprised and gratified on discovering who was the new prisoner.

"Oogh!" grunted the white savage, coming up close, with a fierce gleam of satisfaction: "other man steal Methoto gun—you steal Methoto squaw. Dog!"

With the last word he struck him a blow in the face with the flat of his hand that staggered him back against one of the Indians, who struck him another blow from behind that pitched him forward, at which there was a shout of savage laughter, in which Blodget joined.

"Oh, my dear friend," said Hampton, pleadingly, to the decoy, "do not let me be abused in this shameful manner!"

"Don't call me friend, you —— pusillanimous sneak and woman-stealer!" cried Blodget, fiercely; "for I don't admit any such scum to an equality with myself! Say, where's that girl? what have you done with her?"

"I don't know where she is," answered Hampton, in a humbled tone.

"Don't tell me any lies now, or I'll cut your —— heart out of you!" cried Blodget, striding up to Hampton, with a flourish of his knife.

"I really don't know, upon my honor as a gentleman!"

"*Your* honor as a *gentleman!*" sneered Blodget; "ho! ho! ho! that's what every gallows-bird swears by. But the girl, you villain! the girl! where is she? for I'm bound to have her!"

"Oogh! squaw—where she?" grunted Methoto.

"Well, never *you* mind!" muttered Blodget, in a low tone, and with a furtive glance at the white Indian; "you can't have her, wherever she is!"

"If you were to kill me for it, I could not tell you where she is now!" replied Hampton to Blodget's question; "but I was on her trail and following it, when I lost it, and got lost myself afterward. Have you and these brave warriors been having a fight this morning?"

"What's that to you? you —— sneaking coward!" returned Blodget. "You haven't done any fighting since you've been with us, and therefore it can't matter to you! What do you mean by saying you were on the girl's trail? Wasn't she with you?"

"She ran away from me this morning."

"She did, eh? Sensible girl, by ——!"

"I was following her, when I heard the sound of fire-arms."

"And then you stopped, of course, like the sneaking coward you are!"

"I stopped," returned Hampton, "because I did not want to fall into the hands of the enemy."

"Whom do you call the enemy by this time?" asked Blodget, with a sneer.

"Why, the borderers, of course—the Kentuckians."

"Oh, you do, eh? Well, then, what do you call us?"

"I supposed you to be friends."

"It's quite likely you'll find us such one of these days—*warm* friends—*very warm* friends!" rejoined Blodget, with a malignant laugh. "I suppose you know what'll be done with you, don't you?"

"I hope you will not be too hard on me, for taking a little liberty!" said Hampton, in a deprecating tone. "I know I did wrong—but it was hastily and thoughtlessly done. I never intended to go over to the enemy, and have not done it. The fact is, I thought you had got defeated; and thinking you might have retreated in this direction, I was hurrying on this way to overtake you, when I got somewhat bewildered, and wandered about, I don't know where. That is how I came to be here; and if you will be kind enough to explain this to the Indians, perhaps they will not be so angry with me."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," said Blodget, with a savage frown, "because I don't believe a —— word of it myself! No, sir—that cat won't jump! You're lying, and you know it! So you thought we were defeated, eh? A —— pretty opinion you must have of us, if you think we could be whipped by a handful of Kentuckians! No, it was one of those infernal screeches that did the business and made —— fools of us all!"

"I heard something like the scream of a woman," said Hampton, "and thought it was the girl."

"By ——! perhaps it was!" exclaimed Blodget, catching at the idea; "I shouldn't wonder if it was—that is, if she was anywhere about in that region."

"She must have been near the scene of battle," returned Hampton, "for her trail was leading straight toward it, and she could not have been very far ahead of me I know."

Blodget now addressed the Indians—who, while this conversation was going on, had kept very quiet, evidently waiting for it to terminate. As soon as he had done, they showed in their looks an eagerness to set forward; but before they did so, they stripped Hampton of nearly every thing, in much the same manner as Henry Colburn had been robbed when first taken.

In our description of the dress of Charles Hampton, when first introduced into our story, we stated that it was fashioned after the manner of the borders, but of much finer material than was generally seen in the wilderness; that his rifle and hunting-knife were silver mounted, and that he wore jeweled rings on his fingers, and silver-buckled shoes in place of moccasins. Since then his clothes had become a good deal soiled and injured in his rough journeyings; but they received a good deal rougher treatment now, being almost literally torn from his back, and afterward into strips, that they might be more equally divided among the savages he had once called his friends and now felt to be his enemies. The oldest chief—(for there were no less than four elevated to the dignity of command—though so simply democratic were the savages in their general regulations that no one had superior power in council—) took possession of his rifle, another of his knife, a third of his silver buckles, and so on—Methoto getting a few trinkets, and Blodget managing to secure two of the most costly rings—he only, besides Hampton himself, knowing their real value. In tearing his coat into pieces, a large number of guineas, sewed up in the lining, became revealed, and created much pleasant diversion for the savages, though Hampton inwardly groaned at the loss of his ill gotten gains, his only means of support in civilized society. Some of the Indians knew something of the value of these gold coins—for they had seen them pass among the Canadian traders as articles that were prized—but Blodget, far better than any, understood their real worth, and, by one means and another, managed to secure the lion's share, which tended to put that villain in pretty good humor.

"I didn't know," he said to Hampton, with an insulting laugh, "that you were such a golden goose, or I'd have found a way to pluck you sooner. Why, the feathers are the best part of the bird, and your clothes are worth more than your carcass."

"I am ruined!" groaned Hampton, with tears in his eyes.

"And it's my opinion somebody else was ruined to set you up!" laughed Blodget. "Come, who did you rob? for you never got this money honestly—you're too much of a villain for that. Ho! ho! a pretty time you were going to have of it, running off with that girl! I wouldn't wonder now if you had Canada in your eye—for I'm certain you'd never have dared to show your face among the Kentuckians again, after the treacherous trick you played them. If they catch you, you'll swing; and if we keep you, you'll burn; so, between the two, you're pretty sure to be sent to the devil before long!"

"What have I ever done to you," asked Hampton, "that you should delight in treating me in this cruel manner?"

"*Cruel!*" repeated Blodget, with a fiendish laugh; "do you call *this* cruel? Just wait till we get you home, and you'll look back to this time as one of the happiest of your life—you will, by ——! So, what did you ever do to me, eh? Why, you played the dandy gentleman—getting me and my friends to do all the work for you to reap all the profit. If you'd done your share of fighting, and kept along with us, and strictly conformed to all our regulations, you'd have been treated well, and been honored by these brave warriors; but you saw fit, in your natural meanness, to play the traitor, and now you'll have to take the consequences. I want you to know, that an Indian decree, passed in council, is not mere child's play, to be put aside by everybody's whim—no, not by a —— sight! It would have been bad enough for you to have run away yourself; but stealing off that girl, who'd been taken out of your hands and wasn't any longer your property, was an insult to the whole party; and now that you're caught, you'll have to suffer for it, and serve you right!"

"Try me again," pleaded the trembling villain, "and I swear to bring in white scalps enough to redeem myself!"

"I don't want to try you again," said Blodget, "for I've got you now where you're safe; and if ever I get that girl, I intend to have her myself. She's just the kind of human piece to suit me, and I shall be as anxious to get all rivals out of the way as you were. If Methoto goes to set up any claim, I'll have to fix him off in some way, for I'm bound to have the girl. But there! I've wasted time enough with you; and now we must hurry back to the place we left in such a —— cowardly manner. Ten to one it was the girl's scream that frightened us, and I must get the best Indian scouts to hunt up her trail and follow it."

With this he turned away from the wretched Hampton, and addressed a few words to the Indians, in a loud tone.

Blodget was not an acknowledged chief among the savages, but his influence over them was really greater than any who were. A shrewd, cunning, unprincipled fellow, of fair education, some natural abilities, and considerable knowledge of human nature—a braggart in speech and a coward at heart—fawning and sycophantic where those base qualities would best serve him—cruel, revengeful, and merciless to the unfortunate in his power—sociable and companionable with his equals, and a devil at tormenting the condemned—he had managed to secure the good opinion and confidence of the savages, so that he could use them in carrying out his own schemes and at the same time lead them to believe he was merely an agent of their will. From the first he had coveted Isaline; and when chance had given him an opportunity to weaken the hold of Hampton and place her more easy to his own grasp, he had not failed to throw in such words as then influenced the savages to the decree which had put her possession at the price of blood. His rage at losing her had been terrible, and Hampton, for his part in it, would never be forgiven by him. In the capture and certain doom of the latter villain, one rival was already disposed of; and the other, Methoto, would be, should he become troublesome. But first and in the meantime to find the girl.

Binding the arms of Hampton behind his back, in the manner that Henry Colburn had been secured, and throwing the scouts forward as before, the whole number of savages resumed their march toward the battle-field.

When within some quarter of a mile of the late scene of conflict, the main body was stopped by the sudden return of two of the scouts. They evidently brought some news of great importance, for a consultation was immediately held, and was soon over.

Then Hampton was suddenly thrown down, and his legs firmly bound together by stout thongs of deer-skin. Then he was lashed to a sapling in an upright position, a ligature so tightly passed around his neck as to choke him if he bent his head forward, and a large gag forced into his mouth. In this painful position he was left to the uncertainties of the future—the Indians slipping away and vanishing, as if they were so many evil spirits departing on a mission of wickedness.

The last to quit the side of Hampton was Blodget; and he lingered, as he ironically said, to give him a few consoling words.

"You were pleased to think," he went on, "that we had been whipped by the —— Kentuckians. You'll soon have the pleasure of knowing how confoundedly mistaken you were. We got scared and run like —— fools, and they did too. We've since mustered up courage enough to come back, and so have they. They've got ahead of us, lucky for us, and now think they're masters of the field. Ha! ha! a good joke, as you'll soon see. They're back on the battle field, looking after their dead and wounded, and picking up odds and ends, and perhaps bragging among themselves about their victory, and how they'll pursue us and all that. They don't know, the fools, that we're so near them, and that our scouts have already seen them, and that we'll soon have their scalps dangling at our girdles—all at least except one or two—for if we can catch that Colburn alive, I've given directions to have him preserved, in order to put him alongside of you and have a pretty pair of beauties to amuse me with. Well, now you wonder, when there's so much at stake, that I don't hurry forward, instead of standing here wasting my time with you. I don't mind telling you why, for I know you won't mention it to the Indians. I'm a little like you—I'd rather be a little behind, while there's any considerable danger, and come bravely in at the death, with a loud shout of victory and a big blow about desperate courage. So now that you know all, I'll say by-by for the present, but I'll come back to you, don't you fear!"

With this Blodget turned away, and soon disappeared in the direction already taken by the savages.

It was not long after this before Charles Hampton heard a series of wild, savage yells, accompanied by the sharp, rattling crack of musketry.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—One cause of President Lincoln's power over the masses was his humanity. It was not general but particular, as the following incident shows:—

Walking one day with his secretary, he stopped at a little shrub and looked into it; then stooped and put his hand down through the twigs and leaves, as if to take something out. His secretary said to him,—

"What do you find there, Mr. Lincoln?"

"Why," said he, "here is a little bird fallen from its nest, and I'm trying to put it back again."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1866.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

One copy, one year,		$2,50
Two copies, "		4,00
Four copies, "		8,00
Eight copies, "	and one to getter up of club,	16,00
Twenty " "	and one to getter up of club,	35,00
One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,		4,00

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

Remittances should be made in Post Office Orders when possible. If not, in United States notes—or Drafts, payable to our order, which are preferable to the notes.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis. Address HENRY PETERSON & CO.

No. 319 WALNUT ST., PHILAD'A.

A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We will give one of WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines—the regular price of which is FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:—

1. Twenty copies, one year, and Sewing Machine, $60
2. Thirty copies, one year, and Sewing Machine, $75

In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2.50 a copy, and then, by sending on these subscriptions, and *Ten dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty-five dollars. While if she gets thirty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

The paper will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded.

The Clubs may be composed partly of subscribers to THE POST, and partly to THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired.

☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 3 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST.

A SUPPLEMENT GRATIS.

The demand for the numbers of THE POST containing Mr. Bennett's story, having exhausted the edition of the first six papers of the year, we have concluded to issue a SUPPLEMENT, the size of the whole paper, in which we will give the first THIRTEEN CHAPTERS of

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST.

This is the next best thing we can do to date back new subscriptions to the first of the year.

All new subscribers hereafter will receive the SUPPLEMENT *gratis*, and their subscriptions will be commenced with the number of February 17th, *until the Supplement also is exhausted.*

This amounts to giving away a whole paper for nothing to new subscribers, but we do not see any other good mode of supplying the back chapters of Mr. Bennett's splendid story to those who wish to procure them.

Our subscribers will do us a service by informing their friends of this offer. We are greatly obliged to those who have exerted themselves of late to extend the circulation of "THE POST."

A PEACE CONVENTION.—We are requested to state that a Convention in favor of the PEACE cause is to be held at the Melodeon (Tremont Temple) in Boston, Mass., on the 14th day of March. The call is signed by Adin Ballou, E. H. Heywood, Alfred H. Love, and others.

IMPROVED NEWSPAPER FILE.—We call attention to Frick's new File—working with a spring,—as an improvement on the old File. For sale at 614 North Third street.

THE SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

REDUCTION OF $10.00.

A SPLENDID OFFER.

If our readers be not entirely asleep upon this subject of Sewing Machines, we design now to stir them up a little.

While we have sent a number of Sewing Machines to the getters-up of Clubs, that number has been ridiculously small, compared to what it ought to be.

We will now reduce the rates—at least for a time—and see if we can set some thousands of our readers to work, for their advantage and ours.

To every one who will send us a Club of

20 Subscribers and $60.00

or

30 Subscribers and $75.00

we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's $55 Sewing Machines.

This is a reduction, as it will be seen, of Ten Dollars from our previous offers.

The Clubs may be made up either of subscriptions to The Saturday Evening Post, or to The Lady's Friend, or to both periodicals.

There is no "humbug," as some appear to think, about this offer. The Machine sent will be the Wheeler & Wilson's Machine which is sold in this city and New York for Fifty-Five Dollars cash. It will not be a second-hand article; it will be a new and genuine machine, in as perfect order, and precisely like those which you would buy of the agents.

Thousands of our readers—and especially among the ladies—ought to go to work at once, and take advantage of this splendid offer.

Certainly, nearly any one can raise a Club of twenty or thirty subscribers to The Post and Lady's Friend, when the reward is to be a Sewing Machine worth Fifty-Five Dollars!

At least, Try it.

The Sewing Machine Premium.

As some very suspicious persons seem still to have doubts relative to the perfect fairness of our offer of a $55 Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machine as a Premium for certain clubs,—and, wise in their own conceit, think there must be, in some shape, some "humbug" about it, we beg leave to quote the following letters from individuals who have received the machines in question. Any of these individuals doubtless would answer letters addressed to them on the subject, inclosing a pre-paid envelope, with pleasure:—

Wheeling, West Virginia, Dec. 6, 1865.

Messrs. H. Peterson & Co.:—I beg leave to acknowledge receipt of the Sewing Machine from Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson, the premium for a club of the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Lady's Friend*. The machine is perfect in every respect; it does its work completely, and fully comes up to the description in the advertisement.

Yours truly, W. P. McKelvy.

St. Clairsville, Ohio, Dec. 12th, 1865.

Messrs. Deacon & Peterson:—Gentlemen—I am much pleased to write you that I have received my machine. It came on the evening of Thanksgiving. You may be sure I am delighted with it when the agent here, who owns a *silver mounted* machine, declares it a "perfect beauty" and the "finest finished machine in town." As there are near fifty machines in the town, I think this quite a compliment. I certainly will bless the day when I first thought of getting a club for the *Lady's Friend*.

Yours with many thanks, M. C. Ryan.

Prattsville, New York, Jan. 1, 1866.

Dear Sirs:—I received the machine last Saturday all safe. Miss M. Disbrow.

Westfield, New York, Jan. 2, 1866.

Messrs. Deacon & Peterson:—Received the machine yesterday; please accept many thanks.

Yours truly, Mrs. N. W. Hall.

Greenville, Mercer Co., Pa., Jan. 2, 1866.

Messrs. Deacon & Peterson:—Since writing you last week "the machine" has come to hand all right. It suits me very well. Please accept my thanks for it.

Yours very respectfully, Ella Keck.

Norwich, New York, Jan. 13, 1866.

Dear Sirs:—In obedience to your request I acknowledge the receipt of a Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machine in safety. So far as I can learn, your magazine gives general satisfaction to the subscribers. I remain yours, &c.,

Thos. H. Lewis.

Madison, Indiana, Jan. 17, 1866.

Gentlemen:—The machine came to hand yesterday, and the party is much pleased with it. Please accept thanks for your prompt attention.

Yours truly, O. A. Fitch.

Lancaster, Ohio, Jan. 17, 1866.

Messrs. Deacon & Peterson:—Gentlemen—The machine came safely to hand on the 13th ult., and I think as far as tested will answer elegantly.

Respectfully, Ada H. Kauffman.

Kittaning, Pa., Jan. 22, 1866.

Sirs:—After some delay the Sewing Machine reached me safely and in good order, for which accept my sincere thanks.

Truly yours, Perry McMaster.

Rider's Mills, New York, Jan. 23, 1866.

Messrs. Deacon & Peterson:—Gentlemen—I have received the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine all in order. Please accept my thanks for your promptness. I need not say that the machine exceeds my expectation, and is the pride of the place. Yours very truly,

Maria Mickle.

Allegheny City, Penn., Jan. 16, 1866.

Gentlemen:—I received by Adams' Express the Wheeler & Wilson's Machine awarded me as a Premium for getting up a Club. This is the FIFTH machine that I have been enabled, through your liberality, to furnish to different members of my Club, *all of which give entire satisfaction.*

Robert Elton.

Letter from Washington.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Washington, March 8th.

Dear Post:—We have just returned from Richmond, where we went on Monday for a brief visit. Leaving here on Monday night, we took the boat down the Potomac, changing for the cars at Aquia Creek, and arriving in Richmond on Tuesday morning about four o'clock.

After a late breakfast, we drove up by the capital and public buildings to General Terry's headquarters—once a fine Institute for young ladies. From thence by Jeff. Davis's house, now occupied by General Terry's family—a large, handsome building with stately walls and massive pillars. From this again by the square and out upon Gambol Hill, commanding a splendid view of the James river and country round. Belle Isle, where our prisoners suffered so terribly, just opposite. To the left lay the "burnt districts," Libby and Castle Thunder. Whole squares had been consumed, leaving only a few charred and tottering walls where many a stately edifice had stood. In the rear, the tottering pillars and walls of the old court-house—a spot made memorable by the scene witnessed at the foot of its high flight of steps on the day when President Lincoln visited it after Lee's surrender. Here he stood with head bared and uplifted, while his hands were surrendered to the kisses of the sable throng which gathered around him. Who shall divine the depth of tender pity which moved the good man's heart on that day!—or how fast and freely flowed the grateful tears down his careworn cheeks as he thought of all that had transpired since an agonized people had looked up to him for help and guidance!

I dare not pass from the outer world into the shadows of Libby or Castle Thunder. Were I to do so, I should say dreadful things, wrung from a heart tortured in remembrance. Oh, they stood up against the clear, sunny light of heaven, grim and cold and appalling! Out from their walls swept groans and wails and prayers, heard only by the God who, above, seemed deaf and silent! But we know now that He did hear them! I turned away with a sick heart, and wandered far off where I might lose some of the weight of depression in memories of brighter scenes, in years when with heart and step as light as the winds which rippled the waters of the James, I trod the streets of Richmond.

The afternoon was devoted to dinner and rest. About four o'clock, Governor Pierpont came in and invited us to his house for the evening, and after tea we went up there to spend an hour very pleasantly. Mrs. Pierpont is a sweet, fair lady, with pleasant and serene manners most charming to witness. Her house was full of company, and quite gay; but the circle was soon to be broken up, as many were about to return to their own homes.

Governor Pierpont is an agreeable and very intelligent man, and most thoroughly loyal. When we left Richmond on the following morning, his party, accompanied by himself, came on to Washington.

We left at eight o'clock, and arrived here after a journey of seven or eight hours, finding Washington full of dust, and disagreeable as usual. The gay season is quite at low tide in the midst of Lent—nothing but a few private soirees with Mr. Colfax's and the French Minister's receptions to break the monotony. Of course there is the Capitol every day, and often exciting debates going on within; but I confess that they are unsatisfactory to me in the results.

When Lent shall have expired, I presume there will be a brief season of gayety again. But now we are sure of quiet whenever we wish it.

Truly yours,

Bella Z. Spencer.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Letters of Life. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. In a series of letters to a friend, Mrs. Sigourney has recorded the history of her own life. The closing scene is told in an appendix. The volume will be warmly welcomed by the many admirers of the deceased poetess. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.

The Origin of the Late War: Traced from the Beginning of the Constitution to the Revolt of the Southern States. By George Lunt. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.

False Pride; or, Two Ways to Matrimony. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

Jealousy. By George Sand, author of "Consuelo," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

☞ Young girls who have more vivacity than understanding, will often make a sprightly figure in conversation. But this agreeable talent for entertaining others is frequently dangerous to themselves; nor is by any means to be desired or encouraged very early in life. Conversation should be the *result* of education, not the *precursor* of it. It is a golden fruit, when suffered to grow gradually on the tree of knowledge; but if precipitated by forced and unnatural means, it will in the end become vapid, in proportion as it is artificial.

☞ When Alexander the Great saw Diogenes in a cemetery, he asked him what he was doing there. "I am seeking," said the philosopher, "for the bones of your ancestors among those beggars; but everything here appears to me so confused and mingled together, that I cannot distinguish them."

☞ Mrs. Bigelow, wife of the American Minister in Paris, is seriously ill. The French papers describe the modest *ménage* of the republican representative with much admiration for its Spartan simplicity. One journalist found Mr. Bigelow cooking his own ham and eggs, without any attendant to wait on him, and appears to think that these domestic incidents are fit subjects of public curiosity.

☞ "Mass C., do you know lawyer ——, in the same building what your office is?" "O, yes," I replied, "very well." "Gosh," said Bill, "he's got the littlest head of any man I ever seed." At this remark, a big, fat negro, lounging on the settee, spoke up: "What use a man got with a big trunk, when he ain't got no clothes."

☞ An Incident of the War.—A son of Mr. Duncan, of Meadville, Pa., was reported and mourned as killed in the battle of Stone River. The body was brought home and buried. Afterwards, he was reported alive, but dying in a hospital in Georgia. This body was also brought home and buried. About a month since, the youth came home alive.

Curiosities of Eating.

A lady of culture, refinement, and unusual powers of observation and comparison, became a widow. Reduced from affluence to poverty, with a large family of small children dependent on her manual labor for daily food, she made a variety of experiments to ascertain what articles could be purchased for the least money, and would at the same time "go the farthest," by keeping her children longest from crying for something to eat. She soon discovered that when they ate buckwheat cakes and molasses, they were quiet for a longer time than after eating any other kind of food.

A distinguished judge of the United States Court observed that when he took buckwheat cakes for breakfast he could sit on the bench the whole day without being uncomfortably hungry; if the cakes were omitted, he felt obliged to take a lunch about noon. Buckwheat cakes are a universal favorite at the winter breakfast table, and scientific investigation and analysis have shown that they abound in the heat-forming principle; hence nature takes away our appetite for them in summer.

During the Irish famine, when many died of hunger, the poor were often spending their last shilling for tea, tobacco and spirits. It has also often been observed in New York, by those connected with charitable institutions, that when money was paid to the poor, they often laid out every cent in tea and coffee, instead of procuring the more substantial food, such as meal, and flour and potatoes. On being reproved for their apparent extravagance and improvidence, the cry universally was, in both cases, identical; their own observation had shown them that a penny's worth tea, tobacco or liquor, would keep off the sense of hunger longer than a penny's worth of anything else. Scientific men express the idea by saying: "Tea, like alcohol, retards the metamorphosis of the tissues; in other words, it gives fuel to the flame of life, and thus prevents it from consuming the fat and flesh of the body."

If a person gets in the habit of taking a lunch between the breakfast and dinner, he will soon find himself getting faint about the regular luncheon time: but let him be so pressed with important engagements for several days in succession as to take nothing between meals, it will not be long before he can dispense with his lunch altogether. These things seem to show that, to a certain extent, eating is mere habit. Whole tribes of Indian hunters and trappers have been known to eat but once in twenty-four hours, and that at night.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Shall and Will.

The incoherent use of will for shall in the future tense and first person, seems to be increasing among us. We mean, of course, its use to give a simple statement in the future, without any act of the will implied. It comes from the South. In this particular the native habit of New England has fortunately been right. Our public men have brought the evil northward, for the most part. They took it in Congress, or in the departments at Washington. It is likely that a few years ago it was thought to be fashionable, because so the Southerners did. The reports of Congressional proceedings used to be full of it. "If this motion is laid on the table we will be unable to take it up," etc. Some of our best generals write now in the same style. Indeed, most of our army men do. And as we have said, the evil seems to be growing. There is hardly a single issue of a newspaper that does not contain some specimen of it. By an error of the same sort would is used for should. "I sent word that if he was not here by noon we would be beaten," and the like. It is a pity that the bad habit should spread all over the country. Here among us, fortunately, the rule one needs to follow as to those words is to use them in the way that is most natural; for our habits, at least among the common people, are all right. Let nobody, trying to be in the fashion, ape the false style he sees in some public man's letter, or hears from some great general's lips. If the bad usage is suffered to spread, the time will soon come when, to speak ourselves in that tongue, we *will* have nobody among us that knows how to talk.

Terrible Death.—An unfortunate inebriate, Joe Ralston, after having spent all his cash in the doggeries of Phillipsburg, Centre county, Pa., was thrust out to find his way home the best he could. Failing to find the bridge across the Mashannon he boldly dashed into the creek to wade it, but ere he had proceeded two-thirds across, his limbs refused to perform their office. He grasped a bough of an over-hanging tree, unable to advance further, and soon the fast congealing water cemented close about him a tomb of ice, which stretched from shore to shore. Two days after this he was found standing there rigid as an icicle, his knees imbedded in a sheet of the frozen element seven inches thick, his body inclined a little forward, hands clutching the bough, eyes astare, and despair pictured on his features.

A Stolen Child.—A white boy, twelve years of age, who had been stolen when an infant, by the Sioux Indians, recently made his escape and rode (mounted on his little pony) into the camp of the 13th Missouri troops. He could give no account of himself, but by grunts and signs and in the Sioux language said the Indians called him "pale face," and told him the "pale faces lived beyond the sun-rise." Said he had a "big fight" with a "young buck" (meaning a young Indian), and got his "scalp," and fearing the "old bucks" would kill him, he set out in search of the "pale face tribe." When asked how long he was in making his escape, he replied, "five wakes and four sleeps," indicating the number with the fingers of his hands. He has been identified by J. A. Sylvester, of Quincy, Ill., as his brother's child, and turned over to his parents.

☞ Coal as Fuel.—Coal was first used as fuel in London, in the latter part of the thirteenth century. But the smoke was considered so injurious to the public health that Parliament petitioned the King, Edward I., to prohibit its burning as an intolerable nuisance. He complied and issued a proclamation against it. The severest measures were then employed to abolish its use by fines, imprisonment, and the destruction of the furnaces and workshops where it was used.

☞ The meanest reason for getting married that we ever heard was from a man who said he wanted some one to part his back hair for him.

☞ "It is a great misfortune," says La Bruyere, "not to have mind enough to talk well, nor judgment enough to be silent."

Whipping Young Ladies.

A very curious discussion is going on in the columns of a London periodical, called the Queen, on the subject of whipping young ladies in English schools. A correspondent of that paper wrote to inquire of the editors if it is true that the young ladies are thus "birched," the same as boys. This brought out a number of letters, in which it appears that the practice does prevail in many of the most fashionable boarding-schools for girls, and that the girls are "birched" in a degrading style, sometimes in their rooms, and sometimes before the whole school. The particulars would hardly bear repetition in these columns.

A culprit who is to be punished in this way is also made to pay for it in money; she has to pay for the "rod," she has to pay the servant who robes her for punishment, she has to pay the governess who whips her, and then, when it is all over, she is compelled to kiss the rod and thank her tormentors. Young ladies, of the aristocratic classes, sixteen and seventeen years old, have recently gone through the degradation, and the facts are vouched for by the names of their relatives. It would seem to be incredible, but there is no room for doubt about it.

Curious.

Some twelve years ago a family by the name of Sawyer, in Westbrook, Maine, found that a new milch cow was drying up, and from some trifling incident it was surmised that human hands were responsible for the apparent defection. An examination of the stable followed, and concealed in the hay was found a strange being—a man apparently of about 24 years, half-clothed in rags, shockingly filthy, and having no feet. One foot was missing just above the ankle; the other was gone a little higher up, the stump terminating in an oblong way, and in a manner showing that it was not the work of a surgeon, nor had it received the attention of a surgeon when lost. He was turned over to the town authorities and placed in the poor house, where he now is. All attempts to solve the mystery concerning this strange being have proved futile. No one has been found yet who ever saw or heard of him, and during the whole twelve years, he has never uttered a word.

☞ Diamonds and Flowers.—The Empress of Austria has recently introduced a new fashion. It is to have a diamond, representing a dew-drop, fixed to a real flower. A few evenings ago her Majesty had in her hand a bouquet of white camellias, and on each, in the centre, was a large diamond.

☞ The other day a gentleman asked one of his neighbors what was his age? "I am not certain," replied he. "I am either 58 or 60." "What, not know your own age?" "No, sir," replied the former. "I count my money, my income and my cattle; but of my years I keep no reckoning, because I am well convinced I shall lose none of them, and that nobody will rob me of them."

☞ An Eye to Business.—A gentleman had conferred a favor on a friend, an undertaker. Says the latter: "Brown, I am under great obligations to you, and allow me to say that your kindness is keenly appreciated, and I hope I may be able to do you a good turn some day or other. If you ever want a coffin call on me. I should be happy to bury you or any of your family at short notice, at greatly reduced rates." His friend retired, satisfied that the undertaker had an eye to business, and was not lacking in gratitude.

☞ A bashful and rather green young fellow invited a young lady to attend a ball with him, one night last summer. The invitation was accepted, and the couple appeared at the ball. After dancing for some time, "greeny" saw his partner sitting in one corner of the room all alone. Now was his chance, so he walked up to where the lady was sitting, and sat down beside her. All well so far; but the bashful fellow was at a loss for something to say. He fidgeted about considerably, and was sweating profusely. Finally, taking hold of his wilted collar, he commenced the conversation thus: "It's powerful warm in this room. My shirt's wet, ain't yours?" His partner blushed, said nothing, but took his arm for the next dance.

☞ A gentleman, talking with a real-estate agent about the situation of a farm which he was about to purchase of him in a level neighborhood, remarked: "The country is exceeding beautiful, and I do so admire *a rich flat*." "*So do I*," said the obsequious but grinning agent.

☞ A man out West says that he moved so often during one year that whenever a covered wagon stopped at his gate, his chickens would fall on their backs and hold up their feet, in order to be tied and thrown in.

☞ Two boarding-school misses, in such a susceptible frame of soul that the smallest beauty in earth or sky could not escape them, were riding out one smiling May morning, when one of them spied a mossy granite block by the roadside, on which was inscribed, "1 M. from Harlem." "O sissy, dear," exclaimed the elder, "do look at that epitaff. Isn't it beautiful? so simple and yet so touching—'Im from Harlem.'"

☞ A cooper who was in need of hoop-poles beset a man to furnish him with some. "Where'll I get 'em?" questioned the man. "Anywhere; steal 'em, if you can't do better." The hoop-poles were furnished and paid for, when the cooper happened to inquire of the seller where he got them. "Stole 'em, as you told me to," was the answer. "Where did you steal 'em?" "Oh, *up in your woods*," returned the man, jingling his profits.

☞ "I have the best wife in the world," said a long-suffering husband; "she always strikes me with the soft end of the broom."

☞ Every woman has a right to be what age she pleases, for if she were to state her real age, no one would believe her.

☞ A writer wants to know what the omnibus and car drivers will do for overcoats when the government supply is worn out.

☞ The name given by the Southern people to the late civil war differs in different places. No one calls it a rebellion; but the most common term is "revolution." The words "disturbance" and "trouble" are applied to it; and one man in South Carolina spoke of it as "the grand kick-up."

☞ A lady in the market, laying her hand upon a joint of veal, said, "I think this veal is not quite so white as usual." "*Put on your gloves*, madam," was the reply, "and you will think differently." Not bad for a butcher. It is needless to say that the veal was ordered home immediately.

☞ The physically blind are thankful for guidance; the mentally blind resent it as an insult.

A Colored Discourse.

A correspondent of the Knickerbocker, who writes from Mansfield, sends the following "discourse," for the entire authenticity of which he vouches without reserve, having taken it down from the thick lips of the reverend orator himself:—

"My tex', bredren and sisters, will be found in de fus chapter Genesis and twenty-sebenth verse:—'And de Lor' made Adam.' I tole you how he made him. He make him out ob clay, and when he git dry he breathed in him de breff ob life. He put him in de garden ob Eden, and he set him in de corner ob be lot, and he tole him to eat all de apples ceptin' dem in de middle ob de orchard; dem he want for he winter apples.

"Byme by, Adam he be lonesome. So de Lor' make Ebe. I told you how he make her; he give Adam loddilum till he got sound sleep, den he gouge rib out he side and make Ebe; an' he tole her to eat all de apples ceptin' dem in de middle ob de orchard; dem he want for he winter apples.

"Wun day de Lor' he go a visiting; de debbel he cum along, he dress himself up ob de skin ob de make, and he fine Ebe, an' he tole her; 'Ebe, why for you no eat de apples in de middle ob de orchard?' Ebe says, 'Dem de Lor's winter apples.' But de debbel says, 'I tole you for to eat dem, case dey's de best apples in de orchard.' So Ebe eat de apple, an' guv Adam a bite; an' den de debbel, he go away.

"Byme by de Lor' cum home, an' he call Adam. Adam he lay low, so de Lor' call again, 'You Adam!' Adam say, 'Hes', Lor'!' An' de Lor' say, 'Who stole de winter apples?' Adam told him, 'Don't know—Ebe, he spect.' So de Lor' call Ebe. Ebe lay low; de Lor' call again, 'You Ebe!' Ebe say, 'Hes', Lor'!' De Lor' say, 'Who stole de winter apples?' Ebe tole him, 'Don't know—Adam she spect.' So de Lor' cotch 'em boff, an' trow dem ober de fence, an' tole 'em, 'Go work for your libbin'.'"

☞ Every church ought to have the windows and doors open for several hours, including the middle of the day, before it is open for service. In cold weather, preparatory to the Sabbath service, this ventilation should be secured on Friday; and early on Saturday mornings fires should be built and steadily kept up, day and night, until the Sabbath services are concluded. A thermometer should be kept hanging about five feet from the floor, near the centre of the building, and the mercury should be kept at about sixty-five or seventy degrees in fire-time of the year—better seventy than under sixty-five.

☞ An exchange asks if the poor girls Gov. Andrew sent to Washington Territory are to be sold, like Circassian beauties, by the weight and plumpness. We suppose not. We infer they will be sold at liquid measure—so much per gal.

☞ Daniel Webster used to say that the word *would*, in Rufus Choate's handwriting, resembled a small gridiron struck by lightning.

☞ The difference between the fair ladies and ladies' fair is—the one steals men's hearts and the other the contents of their pockets.

☞ An affected milkmaid says that butter has taken a downward *churn*. The strongest in the tub is the weakest in the market.

☞ The flattery of friends and enemies would do us very little harm, if we didn't unfortunately, flatter ourselves.

☞ The late Senator Benton was once asked to characterize the following public men, viz: Calhoun, Webster, Clay, and Buchanan. He said: "Calhoun, sir, is a politician, but no statesman. Webster is a statesman, but no politician. Clay is both a politician and a statesman. Buchanan, sir, is a *slippery fellow!*"

☞ There was a general laugh when an Inspector in New York was asked by the Legislative Investigating Committee to give a definition of the word "hygiene, (health) and he answered that "hygiene was something that smelt bad."

☞ A Western farmer, who wished to invest the accumulations of his industry in United States securities, went to Jay Cooke's office to procure the Treasury notes. The clerk inquired what denomination he would have them in. Having never heard the word used except to distinguish the religious sects, he, after a little deliberation, replied, "Well, you may give me part in the Old School Presbyterian, to please the old lady; but give me the heft on't in Free Will Baptist."

☞ The last English census developes the curious fact that there are more Scotchmen in London than in Edinburgh, more Irish than in Dublin, more Roman Catholics than in Rome, and more Jews than in Palestine.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There has been rather more activity in the Flour market this week; sales 10,000 bbls at $6.25@6,75 ₩ bbl for superfine; $7@8,25 for extra; $8@9 for northwest extra family; $8,25@10 for Penna and choice Ohio do. do; $11@14 for fancy lots. Rye Flour sells at $4,75@5.

GRAIN—There has been a good demand for prime Wheat. About 15,000 bus changed hands at $2@2,30 for common and choice red, and $2,25@2,75 for white. Above 2500 bus Penna Rye sold at 85@86c. Corn, about 40,000 bus yellow sold at 69@72c. Oats; 6000 bus sold at 48@50c.

PROVISIONS—The trade has been very quiet. Sales 300 bbls Mess Pork at $29. Beef Hams are dull at $41. Mess Beef ranges from $14 to 25,50 for Western and choice city packed. Bacon; sales of Hams at 20@26c, the latter for canvassed, and Shoulders at 15@15½c. Green Meats; Sales of Hams, in pickle, at 18½@19c, and Shoulders, in salt, at 12@12½c for loose and packed. Lard; sales of Western at 17½@18½c for No 1, and 19c for prime, and a few kegs at 20½c. Butter; sales of roll at 40@50c; solid at 30@40c. Cheese; sales of New York factory at 23½@23c, and dairy at 22c. Eggs are selling at 27@28c ₩ dozen.

COTTON has been unsettled; 950 bales sold at 42@43c for middling.

BARK—Sales Quercitron at $32,50 ₩ ton; and Chestnut at $22 ₩ cord.

BEESWAX—Small sales of yellow at 45c ₩ lb.

COAL has declined 75c ₩ ton. The cargo rates at Richmond are $5,25@5,75 ₩ ton.

FEATHERS—Sales at 60@75c ₩ lb for Western.

FRUIT—The market is poorly supplied with Green Apples, and they range from $2,50 to $6,50; dried do are dull at 7@7½c for old, and 9@14c for new. Sales of dried Peaches at 12@14c for quarters; 15@18c for halves, and 20@30c for pared.

HOPS—The offerings of Eastern and Western are light, at 65@75c, and 30@40c for old.

SEEDS—Prime Cloverseed is in fair request; sales of 2400 lbs, common and choice at $5@6,75. Timothy is in steady demand at $3,87½@4,12½. Flaxseed sells at $2,65@2,75.

SPIRITS—Sales N. E. Rum at $2,50. Whiskey—Pennsylvania sells at $2,28; Ohio at 2,25@2,30; drudge and refilled at $2,20@2,25.

WOOL continues dull. Small sales are reported at 70@75c for fine fleece, 60@63c for medium do, and 50@53 ₩ lb for common, as to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1500 head. The prices realized from 15½@16c ₩ lb. 50 Cows brought from $40 to 80 ₩ head. 800 Hogs sold at from $14,50@14,60 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—6000 head were disposed of at from 6½@8½ cts ₩ lb.

BLUE BIRDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY PHILA. H. CASE.

How delightful it is of a morning in March,
When the blustering winds blow dreary and chill,
Furiously shaking the maple and larch,
And howling dismally over the hill;
When the glimmering rifts of sunlight pale,
A checkered maze o'er the upland fling,
And the clouds drift up like a tattered sail,
To catch the flutter of azure wings.

And a something wondrous sweet to hear,
Tinkling out on the frosty air,
As a blue bird's song comes floating clear
Far over the frozen meadows bare.
What a thrill there is in the gushing lay,
How it rises and falls like a silver wave!
Stirring the pulse of the bleak, wild day—
And calling the wind flower out of its grave.

What a beautiful vision of joy it brings,
Of the dewy mornings, the hazy sky,
Of the mossy dell, when the clear brook sings,
And the drowsy bee comes droning by.
Ah, yes, and the delicate, waxen flowers,
Half hid in the dark green, sheltering leaves,
Like sprays of pearl in ocean bowers,
'Mid the sea weeds' ripe and glittering sheaves.

Trailing Arbutus! how oft we have bent
O'er the blossoms, whose breath was like incense rare,
Gathering them close to our hearts; ah, we spent
The sweetest of life's young moments there.
Oh! beautiful blue birds, brave and bold!
Defying the wind and chilly air,
Coming to brighten the gloom and cold
That hang like a pall o'er the meadows bare.
We love the first wild bird of spring,
And the first, fresh, hardy blossoms best,
There is hope and joy in the song they sing,
And the shadowing of a summer blest.

Across the Plains to California.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARY J. ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE LITTLE NEWSBOY," "ONE WOMAN'S HERO," "LEONIE GRANT," &c.

PART II.

It was a large train, that to which Mr. Sayler attached himself and his party—forty-three wagons besides a number of mounted men acting as a sort of voluntary guard to the train. Quite a caravan, Nathalie thought, likening it in her own mind to the procession that once wended its way down the sides of Mount Ararat after the flood had subsided and Noah and his family once more found solid ground under their feet. Quite a caravan sure enough—forty-three vehicles of different descriptions, strong, covered wagons predominating, loaded with goods, household furniture and stores of various kinds, and drawn by horses, mules or oxen, mostly oxen.

There were seven or eight families, representatives from Massachusetts and Ohio, from Pennsylvania and Wisconsin, from Kentucky and Maryland, and Illinois. The rest were men travelling without the incumbrance of a family—men married and unmarried, old and young, farmers, mechanics of every grade and kind, students and merchant's clerks with a sparse sprinkling of strictly professional men; all drawn together for temporary convenience and safety, all attracted westward by the same magnet—gold.

Some of the families had brought their dogs with them, and one little crippled girl in the wagon next to Sayler's had a canary in a cage, and a large Maltese cat for company. Such trifling things, but they hinted of home and homelike ways, and it was wonderful the amount of petting those dogs received from everybody and the admiration the canary attracted. As for the cat, unlike most of her kind, she did not decamp at the first stopping place and set her face toward home, wailing as she went, but sat by the hour and the day in her young mistress's lap, sound asleep or purring contentedly.

It takes a journey like this to turn strangers into neighbors and neighbors to friends. These people had come from a dozen different states and expected in a few weeks to scatter again; but travelling day after day in company, camping near together every night for greater security to life and property, they became neighborly and sociable, ready to interchange small courtesies. Mrs. Smith inquired with real interest after the welfare of Mrs. Jones's baby, while Jones himself expressed to Brown his hope that Mrs. Brown's neuralgia was better, and Brown was solicitous about that accident Robinson had met with yesterday, in laming the off ox in his team. As to Mr. Sayler there was no end to the help always proffered him in putting up his tent and so on, while it grew to be quite a matter of course for some of the young men to bring wood and water and build fires for Mrs. Sayler and Nathalie. As Mrs. Sayler said to his wife with a comical side glance at Nathalie,

"It's wonderful, Maria Jane, how much these young fellows think of you and me. I believe we are the most popular people here;" which bit of goodnatured raillery, however, was quite lost on Nathalie.

Poor Nathalie! I wonder if change of scene ever does as much for any of us as it is expected to do? I am quite sure that it had not yet done all for her that she had hoped.

The most finished coquette who ever dazed and bewildered a man by her wiles, could not have distributed civil words and courteous smiles more equally and impartially among the dozen men who brought themselves at one time and another to her notice by these attentions. But no woman could well be less of a coquette than Nathalie Bruner, and I think she was more surprised than any one else when Dave Cardonnel asked her to marry him. He was a good fellow and a handsome one, a man of some culture, too; but she had never thought of him or of any of them in that relation, you see. She told him so, simply and gravely, and that was the end. But I think he cared more for her after that than before. And all the time the secret cry of her heart was, "If it only were *not* Dave Cardonnel but another!"

What glorious autumn days those were; glorious as to air and sun and all that goes to make good weather for travelling, and the train made excellent progress in their journey to the land of gold. There was some slight apprehension of danger from Indians—not enough to seriously alarm any but the very timid, just enough to keep up some interest and make everybody a little watchful. Before leaving St. Louis Mr. Sayler had bought a pair of finely-finished pistols which he gave to his wife and Nathalie, enjoining them for common prudence to keep their weapons always where they could lay hands on them at a minute's notice. Mrs. Sayler in literal obedience to these instructions wore hers in her belt, *a la* female brigand in a sensation novel, and the contrast between her placid face and manner and the deadly weapon so conspicuously displayed was something bordering on the ludicrous. But Mrs. Sayler could see nothing ludicrous about it, when one day the pistol, carelessly handled, "went off" most unexpectedly, so frightening the good woman that she gave it back to her husband, declaring that she "Wouldn't carry it again for any money. He must do the shooting for both," which so amused Mr. Sayler that he laughed outright at her discomfiture; referring to the incident many times afterward when he was in a merry mood by the question—"So, Maria Jane, you really don't like to shoot Indians?"

As the weeks went by, however, spite of good roads, of soft air and genial skies, our emigrants all grew more or less tired and impatient to get to their journey's end. Next to a protracted sea voyage there is nothing, I think, more tedious than a journey of a thousand miles by wagon across the plains. To breakfast in the morning, ride or walk till noon, dine, and walk or ride till night, then supper and to bed, is a routine that, pleasant enough for a while from the novelty and romance of the thing, is apt to grow tiresome at last. The women and children pined for some settled habitation, even if it were not home, while the men were anxious to reach the El Dorado where fortunes were to be made.

So it was a great satisfaction to all parties when eight of the original forty-three wagons—the other thirty-five having branched off at different points and in different directions along the way—drew up in line one afternoon near to where six or eight low-roofed, pine-board shanties and twice that number of tents were ranged in picturesque confusion around a saw-mill and a quartz-mill both in full operation.

Such a rough-looking place as it was—saw-logs, and lumber, and piles of rock and earth, and heaps of sawdust everywhere. The roughest place our travellers had ever seen, but full of life and bustling activity, too. The sound of saws and hammers going briskly on where two or three new houses were in process of erection, teams moving, and drivers yelling, and shouting, and laughing, and over all and above all the rattle, and roar, and scrape, and crash of machinery going on steadily.

The wagons were soon surrounded by an eager crowd of red-shirted miners with slouched hats and pantaloons tucked into the tops of their boots—all anxious to see the new comers, and hear the latest news from the states. Some of them were hilarious in their welcome; and Mr. Sayler, who was a teetotaler, was obliged to decline six pressing invitations to "Come and have something to drink." One rollicking Hibernian insisted on pledging Nathalie on the spot in a bottle of Bourbon—

"Here's good luck to the young lady, an' shure she's the natest bit of womankind myself has seen since I coom to this haythenish country."

How much farther he would have gone in his praises was never known, for a quiet man came up just then and taking him roughly by the shoulder marched him away with the authoritative admonition—

"Now, Patrick Malone, let me see you behave yourself. And don't go near those people again till you can go sober."

The quiet man came back after a little—a dark, slight man of twenty-five and a gentleman evidently, for he took off his hat as he approached the wagon in which Mrs. Sayler and Nathalie were still sitting, and apologised for the rudeness they had experienced, proffering the hospitalities of the place in courteous fashion—

"I have two rooms in the rear of the office," indicating a house at some distance, over the door of which appeared a large sign: "Office Sacramento Mining Company." "I think the ladies will find a house, even if it is a poor one, more comfortable than a tent, and my waiting-boy, Tim, will help them to arrange things to their liking."

Of course such a generous offer as this was readily accepted, and that was the way it came about that our little party of three found themselves domiciled in the bachelor quarters of Richard Hammond.

Bachelor quarters they were indeed, as was sufficiently evidenced by the disorder in the two cluttered up rooms. Mr. Hammond explained that his boy Tim had the care of them mostly. "He has done the best he knew, I suppose, but that best is not very well, as the ladies can see for themselves. Perhaps under their instructions he can do better," and with that he bowed himself out, leaving them to bring order out of chaos if they could.

Tim was very willing to make himself useful to the ladies—"Real ladies," as he expressed in confidence to his master, "not white trash like that O'Grady woman," by which contemptuous appellation he meant Mrs. Bridget O'Grady, seamstress and laundress in chief, and the only woman of whom the place could boast until the arrival of these three families to-day. It was curious to see how even here beyond the outskirts of civilization, the enmity of races was kept up, and Celt and Negro hated each other cordially.

Mrs. Sayler and Nathalie kept Tim busy enough for a while, and in two hours time something like order was evolved from the previous confusion, and by careful arrangement, beds and tables and chairs so disposed that the house which before held two persons, was found to hold five quite as comfortable—a brilliant triumph of housewifely skill over such trifles as space and circumstances.

When all was done, Nathalie, fatigued to the farthest point of endurance, and really ill, retired without waiting for supper. Through the door which was slightly ajar, she heard Mr. Hammond's voice when he came in, expressing his surprise and satisfaction at the metamorphosis which had been effected, and his sincere regret at Miss Bruner's indisposition.

He had a good voice; it reminded her somehow of Roy's, and she listened while he talked to Mr. and Mrs. Sayler, remembering as she did so what Tim had told them of him. "He's de gen'l'man dat tons' to de 'fairs of de Comp'ny out heah. He's one of de Comp'ny hisself, an' he come heah from New Yo'k six months ago, an' brought me with him. He's one of de best gen'l'men dat eber lived, he is."

She had smiled at the lad's enthusiasm; never dreaming that the time would come when she would give heartfelt endorsement to every word. But not now. With her heart full of another image, she could see in Richard Hammond only a stranger, handsome, certainly, and as certainly a gentleman, a man who had opened his house to them with warm-hearted hospitality, but nothing more. And with his voice still sounding in her ears, his voice so like Roy's, she fell asleep, conscious of a vague wish that she might never wake again.

Within the space of three weeks as many new dwelling houses were put up—rough, pine board structures like the rest, and into these the three families moved without delay, while two days afterward Mr. Sayler opened his stock of dry goods and groceries to an admiring public. It was the first store that had yet been opened there—the only one for thirty miles around, indeed, and the miners hearing of it came flocking in, lavish of their money as such men usually are, and the "run of custom" promised to be something immense. "Your five hundred will double itself in six months, Miss Nathalie. That investment was a capital one."

Mr. Sayler could not understand Nathalie's indifference to this pleasing fact. He didn't expect women to pay much attention to business in a general way, "but such a piece of good luck as this—it was astonishing, unless"—here a bright thought struck him suddenly—"unless she means to marry Mr. Hammond, who has money enough for both; a big fortune at the East, so the men say, besides being a large stockholder in this mining company. That must be it. He comes here every evening and plays the flute or sings or reads for her, and he's teaching her German—he lived in Germany two years, he says—and he's always doing something to make this outlandish place pleasant to her. He's a man, too, for any girl to be proud of just for himself, and I'm not so old yet myself that I don't know pretty nearly by the signs what a man means, I guess she does, too—"

Here Mrs. Sayler broke in upon his train of thought by a summons to tea; and he went into the cosy dining-room, which was parlor and sitting-room too, to find Nathalie by the window knitting industriously at some soft, bright-colored thing, and Mr. Hammond watching her.

I wonder if there ever was a woman yet who fully understood her own heart, the needs of her own soul. We are all so prone to make mistakes, even in matters that most nearly concern our peace. And I think Nathalie made a profound mistake when she refused Richard Hammond.

"I will not marry him," she said to herself, "just because I am heartsick and homesick, and because he is young and handsome and rich, nor even because he is good and loves me, when I have no heart to give in return." And then came thoughts of another man who was not very good, but who had loved her once, and the whole soul of the woman writhed in bitter shame and self-scorn, under the conviction that George Vandermark married was more to her than any other man could ever be. Would that old love *never* die? Was it to haunt her always? It had driven her out an exile from the place of her birth and the home of her childhood, and now she must give up this one true friend because of it.

Even in the sharp pain of his own disappointment—Richard Hammond wondered at the dark desolation in her face as she turned to him, saying drearily, "You will think always that I have trifled with you, but I did not mean it. All the pleasure that I have known here I owe to you. But you will stay away now and I shall be alone."

The answer was like Richard Hammond, faithful, generous.

"I do not think you have trifled with me, and I shall not stay away unless you bid me. If I cannot be your husband, Nathalie, I shall be none the less your friend."

What a different man he was from George Vandermark. Even Nathalie could see that. Tender of her, while the other thought most of himself.

It was weeks and weeks after this that Mr. Hammond, coming one day quite unnoticed into the room where Nathalie was sitting, walked up softly behind her chair and surprised her by a handful of letters and papers showered into her lap. She turned quickly, smiling up at him.

"The mail has just come in, Miss Nathalie, and you have more than your share of good luck, I think," gaily. "Three letters! while I have but one."

She noticed that the seal of that one was unbroken. He had brought hers before stopping to open his own. She made him sit down then and he obeyed readily enough, giving about five minutes' attention to his own letter, and after that watching Nathalie as she bent eagerly over the written pages, her eyes misty with happy tears as she read the loving words in Roy's familiar hand. How "They were both well and getting on first-rate with the farm, but the house was so lonesome without Nathalie. They missed her every day of their lives, and every hour of the day, almost; and he knew that mother would give every thing she had in the world to have her one girl back again. As for himself, if Nathalie did not come home soon, he should be under the necessity of coming out there after her—unless—" here the words were underscored—"unless she had found somebody out there she liked better than Roy."

"It's like Roy, the darling!" the happy smile still about her lips as she folded up the letter and replaced it in the envelope, going on then to the other two which were both from women; one from her mother, and the last a budget of piquant, gossippy news from an old neighbor. And still Richard Hammond watched her, not from any sense of curiosity, but because her face was a pleasant study to him always. Watching it now, he saw how all the transient brightness went out of it suddenly, leaving only pallor, and weariness, and something beside that made him long to take her into his arms and comfort her. But she did not look at him; only turned a little farther toward the window, and he did not see how one paragraph in the bundle of gossip was read and reread. Just a postscript at the end, a few words on the last page of the sheet, but to her they outweighed all the rest. "I quite forgot to tell you, Nathalie, that George Vandermark's wife has a baby, the sweetest little boy, and Mr. Vandermark is the proudest man you ever saw."

Yes, proud and happy, rejoicing, as a young father should, at the birth of his first-born, while she—well, her idol was down from its pedestal at last, but what was there left for her? What is there left for any of us when the things in which we have trusted fail us, and we stand with empty hands, looking out afar through the coming years to the one quiet haven which awaits us all at the end, saint and sinner alike.

If Richard Hammond, with eyes sharpened by love, guessed anything of her secret, she found no change in him, nothing but an added shade of tenderness in his voice when he spoke to her, a little more care for her comfort, though I think she hardly noticed even that in the strange restlessness that possessed her for days after that. She did not care to think. She could not be still anywhere. She sang for Mrs. Sayler, she read aloud for Mrs. Sayler, who had weak eyes, she played chess with Mr. Hammond and flashed witty little speeches at them all; she rearranged her cabinet of minerals and fossils, collected for her by the workmen after they found she had a taste for such things; she contrived presents for the little Larkins's, of whom there were eight, and laughed and talked and worked with a feverish energy that troubled Mr. Hammond, seeing, as he did, that it was fictitious, and foreseeing the reaction that must follow on this fever of the spirit—a time when the overwrought system would take sure revenge for the strain put upon it now.

But the crisis did not come just as he had anticipated.

The "Time of singing birds" was already come, and spring's tender green gladdened hillside and valley when a little party of four—Mr. and Mrs. Sayler, and Mr. Hammond and Nathalie—drove down one sunny afternoon to the lower mill, five miles distant. Starting at two o'clock it would be just a pleasant, leisurely afternoon's drive, with plenty of time to go over the mill if they liked, and return by sundown. So they took their time, neither couple hurrying at all, until by-and-by dark clouds rolling up swiftly from the West warned them that a heavy rain was close at hand.

They had barely reached the shelter of the mill when it came—dashing, driving, pouring. Water in sheets, water in torrents, water coming down in rivers from the hills. It was the hardest storm that any one at the Bend had ever seen, and, considering its violence, the longest, lasting two hours and forty minutes by Mr. Hammond's watch. Long before it was over he was watching the rapid rise of the river, which grew wider and deeper and swifter with every succeeding moment from the great volume of water coming into it above. The storm had evidently been terrific there, too, for the water was dark and muddy, with logs and broken boughs, and even large branches of trees floating on it. What if the bridge above should be swept away—the bridge which they must recross to reach home? There was danger, for a treetop floating on this high water would carry off framework and timbers as if they were straws.

He called the attention of the others to this fact, and Mrs. Sayler and Nathalie proposed returning at once.

"That is unquestionably our best course," said Mr. Hammond, "and there is no time to lose if we hope to find any means of crossing. But you ladies will be drenched, for it is raining fast yet," whereupon the workmen came to the rescue with water-proof wraps, and they started at once.

It was slow driving against the wind and over rough roads, the rain driving into the horses' eyes and impeding their progress; so it was quite dark when they reached the place where the bridge ought to be. It was there all right, and better still Mr. Hammond's Tim with a lantern, waiting to light them across. That was a brilliant idea of Tim's, and Mr. Sayler, who was the length of the bridge ahead of the other team, said as much.

"It's an awful night, and we might have driven off in the dark if it hadn't been for your lantern, Tim."

"That's what I was afraid of, sah."

While the words were still on their lips, and their eyes on Mr. Hammond and Nathalie, who were half way across, a dark object loomed suddenly into view above the bridge—there was a dull crash, and in the next instant where the bridge had been was only a black stretch of water.

The lantern dropped from Tim's shaking hand, and he cowered down, silent in his great terror, while Mrs. Sayler uttered shriek after shriek that brought a hundred people rushing to see what had happened. Seeing, they stood with blanched faces, looking out into the darkness to where two or three hundred yards down the stream, bridge and fallen tree had lodged together on some obstruction that swayed under the force of that awful current, threatening every minute to go over.

There was no hope of rescue. The strongest boat ever launched could not live five minutes in that stream, filled as it was with floating logs and tree tops. And the watchers standing there said, "They can never come out of this alive."

But one did come out alive—how, he never really knew, only that the horses kicked themselves free somehow and struggled to land, dragging him with them. The poor brutes stood there trembling in every limb. But where was Nathalie?

No flutter of white handkerchiefs or wave of woman's garments told where she stood on a half submerged branch, swaying up and down with every wash of the waters against her frail support. Her hands were cold and numb, her garments wet and clinging. She had tried once to cry out and make some one hear, but the rush and roar deadened the sound of her voice, and the water washed up to her waist, chilling her to the heart. After that one sharp cry for help, that first, instinctive, shuddering recoil which all mortality must feel at the near and sudden approach of death she grew quiet, silent.

I know it is one thing to weary of life, and another to give it up when it is asked for. But I tell you truly that this woman was content, nay, glad to go. So many times as she had longed for death, and now it was within her reach; for liberty, and the doors of her prison house stood open at last; for rest, and her feet were already on the borders of that land

"Where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew,"

The silent land.

Lights flashed along the bank, and voices came faintly to her across the black waste of waters, but she turned her head away, not looking or listening any more. She had done with these things forever.

God knows what tender memories of home came to her then. Only He knew how the sick heart had pined through weary months for one sight of home, for one smile of kindred. But of one who had been dearer than all it was sin to think.

No sin, though, to think of him as she thought of him in this hour, with a lingering tenderness that had in it none of the old passionate pain. He had loved her truly once. It was right that he should love his wife now. She would like to see his child once, to hold it in her arms one moment—the little babe that had its father's eyes, the child that should have been hers. But there was no bitterness in this thought now. How the water surged about her, the black, engulphing water that rocked and swayed the support to which she clung. Oh! it was pitiful to die like this, alone, in the dark. The branch on which she stood swung lower and lower, still lower. The chilled hands let go their hold suddenly. The swift current caught breath, sense, life away. And when the moon shone through a rift in the clouds its light fell on a white, upturned face, and drenched garments floating with the tangled driftwood.

Sad sight for a lover to see! Sad sight for Richard Hammond, struggling desperately to reach the stranded wreck, to come upon. He had come down through the flood to her, but the mute lips did not smile at his coming. He gathered her into his arms, pushing the wet hair out of her face—the fine, reddish brown hair that George Vandermark had praised so many times. It lay against a truer heart now than George Vandermark's had ever been. But little she recked of the difference.

Richard Hammond turned toward the bank, waving his hand three times. By the light of the bonfires that had been kindled along shore, the men standing there saw the signal, and began instantly to draw in the rope, swiftly, steadily, silently; and swiftly, steadily, silently he came on, his pallid burden clasped close.

Strong hands received both at the bank, friendly faces pressed nearer and nearer; but a hush like the stillness of death fell upon the crowd of men and women standing there at sight of that white, *white* face lying against Richard Hammond's arm. Very gently they lifted and carried her up to Mr. Sayler's house; and then Mrs. Sayler sent them all away.

A gleam of light in the midst of utter darkness; a grateful warmth; a vague, dreamy sense of rest and quiet; by-and-by a broader light; faint gleams of color, figures gliding noiselessly to and fro, the sound of low voices, a picture on the wall, lamps burning on the table in a familiar room, one face distinct among all else—and then Nathalie knew that she had awakened on *this* side of Eternity.

Still that face above her. She gave it a name presently. "Mr. Hammond!"

"Nathalie!"

He spoke no word more—he could not—just bent down and kissed her once, a long, long kiss, then stepped aside, yielding his place to Mrs. Sayler.

Nathalie's eyes followed him for a moment, while her ears took in vaguely the sense of Mrs. Sayler's words. "Bless the good Lord you're safe now, deary. And if there ever was a brave man in this world it's Mr. Hammond. It was like going into the very jaws of death to go down through that flood to the wreck—and we all so sure that you were not there. It seemed impossible, you know, that you could have lived to reach it. But Mr. Hammond said there was a chance, and on that chance he was willing to risk his life."

"And—he—did it?"

"Yes, dear, he did it. He brought you through all the roar and the whirl of the waters safe to shore."

What was it that awoke suddenly to life in Nathalie's heart? Gratitude? That might be, but it was hardly gratitude that made her thrill yet at that one touch of his lips. He was good, and he loved her. He had told her so, and *his* word was to be depended on. He had saved her life, too. Last night she would not have considered that any special kindness, but she felt differently now. She would thank him in the morning—not now—she was so tired now—and with his name on her lips dropped to sleep.

You do not believe in such a sudden change? I do. There never yet was line or plummet that could sound all the depths of a true woman's heart. And Nathalie was a true woman, truer than most. Well George Vandermark knew that. But *his* hold had slipped off from her forever. The old love with its glow and its gloom was dead—struck down in a night, buried fathoms deep beneath the black waters that had engulfed her last night; and before her were a *new* heaven and a *new* earth.

Morning brought a throng of interested inquirers to Mr. Sayler's door, and Mrs. Sayler was obliged to repeat for the fortieth time that Miss Bruner was "getting on very well, but not quite strong enough yet to see visitors. An awful shock, you know." But to Mr. Hammond she said, "walk right in.o the dining-room, please. She is in there, and will see *you*, of course."

He paused an instant at the open door, irresolute. It seemed like intrusion to enter where all others were excluded. But at the first sound of his footfall on the floor Nathalie looked up, extending a hand in welcome.

"I owe it to you that my name is still written among the living on the earth." She said it as solemnly as she had ever uttered a prayer. "A month ago I could not have been sincerely grateful to any one who should do me such a service. But this morning I am glad to live, and I thank you from my heart."

What new expression did he see in the steadfast brown eyes that made him repeat once more the words he had thought never to say again to any woman? Pleasant words they were to Nathalie, listening with a sweet, new thrill at her heart.

"You do really care for me, Richard? And you would never have gone away and forgotten me? Never got angry at me and married another woman?"

"No, dear, I never should. But why do you ask?"

"Because—another man did once."

"I guessed something of this, Nathalie."

"You did? And still you cared for me?"

"I did, and still I loved you."

"Richard, I believe you are the best man God ever made!" with a perfect passion of feeling. And she believed it; acknowledging to herself that, well as she had loved George Vandermark once, she loved this man a thousand times better. He knew it, too, with a thrill of delicious triumph—knew it by the very way she nestled to his side when he put his arm about her, by the blushes that burned beautifully on her cheeks when he kissed her. But, man like, he wanted the confession in words.

"You haven't told me yet, Nathalie, whether you like me well enough to marry me. Do you love me, girlie? Will you be my wife?"

"You know, Richard, that I love you," in a whisper, her lips close to his ear. "And I will be—"

"Well, dearie, finish,"

"Oh, Richard, I—can't say it."

"Let me finish for you then. You will be my wife, next month, in San Francisco. And we shall go home by way of the ocean steamers and New York. Shall we not?"

It was an excellent programme, there was no gainsaying that; so good indeed that Mrs. Sayler, when she heard of it, advocated it almost as strongly as Mr. Hammond did. "To be sure, we shall miss you sadly, Nathalie. But it's natural you should want to see home again, and I must say you've stood it bravely, though Mr. Hammond deserves most of the credit of that, for he hasn't given you much chance to be homesick."

So it was all settled; and four weeks later Mr. and Mrs. Sayler made their first trip to San Francisco—Mrs. Sayler as chaperone to Nathalie, Mr. Sayler to see the sights and lay in a new stock of goods. Nathalie found no trouble in procuring an elegant outfit. San Francisco is not out of the world, you know, and bridal robes and bridal garniture are in demand, even on the Pacific coast. And then Richard was so attentive. There never was another man like Richard. So the bride elect thought, and the young wife endorsed it with a fervor of love and trust as she stood for the first time in her life on the deck of an ocean steamer, while her husband whispered as he drew her shawl closer about her, "We're homeward bound at last, little wife."

Home! She thought it would be pleasant to see it once more; wondering if the apple trees still shed their blossoms down, and the pink hollyhocks bloomed by the fence, whether Shag, the faithful, was still in the land of the living, and remembered her, and what her mother and Roy would say when they saw her.

The pink hollyhocks *were* in bloom when she came, in the summer; the yard was green and grassy as ever; the garden sloped to the sun as of yore, and Shag, the faithful, had *not* forgotten his young mistress.

As they drove up the quiet road Nathalie recalled the picture she had carried away with her—the picture with those two human figures in the foreground—and, remembering, a throb of the old pain ached again for one moment at her heart. Richard saw how pale she was as he handed her out of the carriage, and he held her an instant in the clasp of his arm, giving her time to get a little courage. As they stood so a man came whistling down the path, a young Hercules, with a sun-browned cheek, and a fine white forehead under his panama hat. Seeing him, Nathalie sprang from her husband's arms with a little cry, "Roy! Roy!" and after a little, "where is mother, Roy?"

"In the house entertaining company—George Vandermark and his wife."

If he had any thought of putting her on her guard by a timely warning, he felt that none was needed as she smiled up into Mr. Hammond's eyes, and back again to him, saying, "This is your new brother, Roy, and I want you to love him next to me," and from that moment a haunting trouble was gone from Roy Bruner's mind.

So, with her husband on one side and Roy on the other, and Shag, leaping and capering like a crazy thing before, Nathalie walked up the path, along which she had once fled for more than life—from George Vandermark's love and from herself. It was not the Nathalie of those troubled days, but a brighter, happier woman who stepped over the threshold now with a lithe, buoyant step; who caught her mother round the neck and kissed her; who gave her hand first to Mrs. Vandermark and afterward to George, and took the babe unhesitatingly to her bosom. The child smiled up in her face with its father's eyes, so like, so like; but those eyes had no power to charm her now. She smoothed the silky hair on the half bare little head, whispering soft, cooing baby talk; while George Vandermark watched her with a half savage eagerness, looking from one to the other, from his wife, with her bold beauty, to this girl he had lost, and cursed himself for that old obstinacy.

Another watched her with prideful tenderness and a glance that caught and held hers; and seeing the love and trust on both faces, George Vandermark got up and went out abruptly. For I think it is one of the keenest torments of a lost soul to remember that there was a time when Heaven was possible. So they walk in widely diverging ways, these two, who once hoped to be one. And the way of one is a pleasant way, while the other—ah! God help and pity him!

The Mammoth Cave.

Colonel Creagan, to whose family this great natural curiosity belongs, was a resident of Louisville, Ky. We have learned that he went to Europe some thirty years ago, and found himself frequently questioned as to the wonders of the Mammoth Cave—a place he had never visited, and of which he had heard but little at home, though living within ninety miles of it. He went there on his return, and the idea struck him to purchase it, and make it a family inheritance. In fifteen minutes he bargained for and bought it for ten thousand dollars, and shortly after he was offered one hundred thousand dollars for his purchase. In his will he tied it up in such a way that it must remain in his family for two generations; thus appending its celebrity to his name.

There are one thousand acres in the estate, though the cave probably runs under the property of a great many other land owners. For fear of those who might dig down and establish an entrance to the cave on their own property (a man's farm extending up to the zenith and down to the nadir) great vigilance is exercised to prevent such subterranean surveys and measurements as would enable one to sink a shaft with any certainty. The cave extends ten or twelve miles in several directions, and it has been conjectured that "there is probably many a backwoodsman sitting in his hut, within ten miles of the cave, quite unconscious that the most fashionable ladies and gentlemen of America are walking without leave under his potatoes and corn."

Peanuts.

Every boy in America likes peanuts, and yet very few of them know where they come from. They can be grown in almost everybody's yard, but they flourish in North Carolina. Upon the sandy lands in the neighborhood of Cape Fear, they raise from fifteen to seventy-five bushels to the acre. At the price of one dollar per bushel, it proves a profitable crop. The cultivation of it is easy; first the plough, then the sweep and weeding-hoe. The vine makes an excellent forage for cattle equal to the best Northern hay. From the nut is pressed a valuable oil which has a peculiar value from the fact that it does not gum. It is used in the preparation of medicines, for burning purposes, and is largely introduced as a condiment in salads. Such and so varied and important are the uses to which this simple product is devoted.

The Greatness of Little Things.

In the course of nature there is nothing more remarkable than the stupendous results which spring from apparently insignificant causes. The oak that lives for ages was once an acorn; and the nightingale filling the groves with song was lately a tiny egg. The glorious being who, by the aid of reason, can subdue the strongest and most ferocious beasts, what is he at his birth? A creature made up of cries and tears, as Pliny has forcibly expressed it, "*flens animal cæteris imperaturum*"—a weeping animal who is to rule over all others. Nay, trace him to his embryo state; what is he there but a spot—an atom which this life only half develops, and whose destinies are endless as they are great? The long continuance of the results of slight causes is also very observable in nature. A stone cast into the sea on our coast produces a rippling displacement of watery particles, prolonged even to the Antipodes. Such phenomena lead us to conclude that, in the system of the universe, nothing is absolutely small or great, since the great issues include the small, and the small involves the great.

The course of human society presents in this respect a constant counterpart to that of nature; and the history of mankind illustrates in every page the remark of Bishop Butler, that "things, seemingly the most insignificant imaginable, are perpetually observed to be necessary conditions to other things of the greatest importance." A biography is a calendar of straws. Straws have turned the current of our lives; a word, a thought vivid as lightning, has often decided our destiny. Marc Antony sees Cleopatra on the Cydnus sitting in her barge as on a burnished throne, and if her nose had only been shorter he might have kept the world. The Prophet Mahomet conceals himself in Mount Sinai, and his pursuers, according to a Moslem tradition, are thrown off the scent and baffled by a spider's web over the mouth of the cave. Thus the Koran, the Crescent, the Crusades, with their boundless consequences, depended at that moment on the filmy meshes of a spider's web. A young Athenian, named Xenophon, at sixteen years of age, is met in a narrow gateway by a man of extraordinary appearance and manners, who extends his stick across the path, and asks, "How can one attain to virtue and honor?" Xenophon cannot answer, and Socrates, for the strange being is none other, bidding him follow, becomes thenceforward his master in philosophy. But for that stick, that narrow gateway, Xenophon, perhaps, would never have enriched the world of letters as he has done to this day. Look, again, at Demosthenes. He rushes from the Athenian assembly burning with shame, for he has been hooted for his pronunciation and defective style. In the moment of his degradation he meets an actor named Satyrus. Was it chance or his good genius that threw him in his way? Satyrus teaches him the art of elocution, and, amid the wild roar of waves, with pebbles in his mouth, he corrects the vices of his utterance, and acquires pungency and force which none have equalled. No grit of the pebble roughened his lip when next he mounted the rostrum, and poured on the astonished audience a flood of eloquence, impetuous and flashing as a mountain torrent.

In science, as in literature, slight causes occasion great results; nor need we go back to the ancients in order to find remarkable instances. When Galileo was studying medicine in the University of Pisa, his attention was attracted to the regular oscillation of a lamp suspended from the roof of the Cathedral, and the swinging lamp led to his study of the vibration of pendulums. Brunelleschi by accident broke an egg, which remained standing on the the broken base; and the shape of the shell inspired him immediately with the idea of the Duomo at Florence. Giotto, while tending his flock, sketched a sheep on a stone, and Cimabue, passing by, detected his latent genius, and led him on to fame—to the friendship of Dante, and to having his name immortalized in the Divina Commedia. Newton—but why tell of that falling apple in his orchard, which is better known than the laws of gravitation, to the discovery of which it led? Cuvier dissected a cuttle fish and the comparative anatomy of the entire animal kingdom unfolded itself before him. A single remain of an extinct animal or vegetable became a stand-point from which he could infer and describe the form and properties of the creature or plant to which it belonged; and the subsequent discovery of further remains of the same species often proved the accuracy of his deductions. This use of fossil fragments is another illustration of the importance of little things and isolated inductions. Kepler resolved to fill his cellars from the Austrian vintage, but doubting the accuracy of the wine merchant's measure, he worked out one of the earliest samples of what is now called the modern analysis. What suggested the embossed alphabet for the blind? A sheet of paper sent from the press, with the letters accidentally raised. What called forth the most learned book on diseases of the heart? A physician's lying awake and listening to the beating of his own. Giotto is not the only genius whom a chance visit has rescued from obscurity. Evelyn was sauntering one day along a meadow near Say's Court, when he looked in at the window of a thatched cottage, and saw a man carving one of Tintoretto's cartoons. He entered, admired the work, and soon recommended the artist to Charles II. Thus the name of Gibbins became known. Milton sees a wretched "mystery" in Italy, and conceives the plan of "Paradise Lost." The plague breaks out in London; he retires to Chalfont, and the simple question of a Quaker friend calls forth "Paradise Regained." Gibbon muses among the ruins of Roman Grandeur; and the Decline and Fall of the mighty Empire breaks in long perspective on his view. A Welsh harper thrills the cords at Cambridge, and Gray, fired with sudden emotion, writes the conclusion of the "Bard." Lady Austin points to a sofa, and Cowper creates the "Task." Opie bends over a companion's shoulder when he is drawing a butterfly, and rises up a painter himself.

Neither in the moral nor in the material world can we conclude that a cause is insufficient simply because it is minute. Homœopathy, whatever its errors may be, is not without a basis of truth. There is no reason why the millionth part of a grain of poison may not have an effect on the human frame, for the portion of mephitic vapor or fluid which communicates the plague by a touch must needs be infinitesimal; and the same may be said of the media which convey many infectious disorders. Some bales of cotton from Alexandria are opened on the banks of the Thames, and the plague ravages London, carrying off a hundred thousand human beings in the space of six months. Tremendous forces lie on all sides dormant around us, and many which have slept for ages may germinate in a moment and spring to a colossal height. Many things which wise men, inspired or not, have written in old times have yet to be apprehended in all their bearings, and to produce their largest results. Actions which in themselves seem trifling have influenced not only the subsequent life of their author, but the condition of many generations. Lot allowed his cavern among the mountains to be cheered with wine, and the fortunes of Moab and Ammon were of the issue of his indiscretion. The history of nations, as of individuals, hangs on threads. Robert Bruce was about to join a crusade when a spider, struggling to fix his web to the ceiling, gave him a lesson in perseverance, and, remaining in his own land, he routed the army of Edward II. at Bannockburn, and achieved the independence of the Scottish Crown. Cromwell was about to set sail for America, and clear forests with his axe, when a royal edict forbade emigration in unlicensed ships. Had he embarked the day before he would never have been Lord Protector, nor Charles Stuart have laid his head on the block. The fleet of William of Orange had been driven westward of Torbay. To return in the teeth of the wind was impossible, and Plymouth, the next port, was garrisoned by Lord Bath. The royal fleet was out of the Thames, and hastening down the channel. "You may go to prayers, doctor," said Russell to Burnet; "all is over." But it was not so. A soft breeze sprung from the south, and the sun shone forth. The fleet turned back, William landed, and the Stuart dynasty then ceased to reign.

Slight circumstances, which have occurred in childhood, often take deep hold of the memory, and recur to us through life, we know not why, when things of far greater moment are forgotten. Warren Hastings, amid the care and splendor of Indian Government, had always before his eyes a little wood at Daylesford in Worcestershire, where he was born. Insignificant sayings in praise or blame have often had immense effect on men in pursuit of knowledge and fame, and have disconcerted or encouraged them, as the case may be, in a marvellous manner. Burke rose to address the House with a roll in his hand. A member deprecated the infliction of a manuscript on his hearers, and in shame and disgust the orator quitted his seat. He who could have faced a lion was discomfited by a bray. Little things are often our great vexations. The prick of a pin will make an empire insipid. During one hundred and forty years the retainers of a Norman monastery fought and hated each other for the right of hunting rabbits. On the other hand, trifling events are frequently great consolations. The packet ship Lady Hobart was driving before the hurricane, and hope seemed vain, when a white bird suddenly lighted on the mast. The hearts of the crew revived, and the bird was accepted as an omen of safety. Mungo Park, stripped and plundered, sat down in despair. It was a wilderness in Africa, five hundred miles from any European settlement. A little moss was at his feet in flower, and it inspired him with the thought that He who planted, watered and perfected in the desert that tiny blossom, could not be insensible to the sufferings of one formed after His own image. So he went on his way rejoicing, and soon came to a village.

Yes, little things are of wondrous importance. They are the last links in a long chain of effects, or the first in a long chain of causes, or they are both. They make the sum of human things. They test a man's character every hour in the day, and, as the jutting and curving of the bank regulate the river's flow, so do they, directly or indirectly, determine the entire course of our existence for good or evil, brilliant or obscure.

Anecdotes of the Microscope.

The telescope, which resolves nebulæ into stars, and stars into suns, which peoples the blue firmament with myriad worlds, is not more wonderful than the little microscope, which reveals "the grand immensity of littleness." When it came into man's possession, it was as though a second Columbus had appeared, announcing the existence of a new world; and not one merely. The microscope reveals in a single drop of water a globe, peopled, according to Ehrenberg, with five hundred millions of living creatures, different from anything which man has ever seen before. It shows us every bit of clay and stone, every leaf and bud and flower, a world crowded with its busy multitudes. The substance of these animalculæ is usually so transparent that the internal structure is visible—even the act of digestion can be watched, and the food traced from its mouth to its passage into the internal cavities. The eggs can also be seen within the bodies. Thus the microscope has silently overthrown man's theories for the explanation of vital phenomena, and has furnished materials for their true elucidation.

The microscope teaches man the structure of trees, and the uses they best serve in the affairs of life. By it he learns the elements entering into particular soils, and is enabled to supply those fertilizers necessary to the production of the desired crop. The accuracy with which the microscope detects counterfeit bills and forged manuscripts, adulterations in foods and liquors, render this instrument a valuable ally of justice.

To the physician this is an invaluable assistant. It explains why the blood from one animal injected into the system of another of the same species, dying from the loss of blood, is successful in preserving life, while that from another species miserably fails. It enables him to procure pure food and medicines for his patients, pointing with unerring accuracy to any adulteration which they may contain. It teaches him the nature of cutaneous diseases, and surface protuberances. Dr. Andrew Clarke, after having carefully studied the appearance of sputa from patients under his care, says that "the microscope inspection of expectoration affords at a very early period of consumption, definite information, not otherwise attainable, regarding the nature of the malady; and at all times must furnish valuable aid in forming a prognosis regarding the causes of the complaint."

But we are wandering from the design of this paper, which is to present a few anecdotes, collected from various sources, illustrating the importance and power of the microscope.

While the great Prussian microscopist, Ehrenberg, was travelling through India, he fell into a conversation with a Brahmin, whose religious faith forbade him taking life of any kind, or eating of that which even possessed life. Ehrenberg, wishing to demonstrate to the Brahmin the absurdity of his belief, exhibited by the microscope the world of animalcule life contained in a single drop of water.

"Alas!" said the poor Brahmin in despair, "you have destroyed my happiness, and my life also; for I see now that I shall never be able to drink, and must perish of thirst."

Ehrenberg answered him by showing that a single drop of rum poured into a tumbler of water, caused all the animalculæ to precipitate themselves to the bottom of the glass. I trust this solution of his perplexity did not lead the Brahmin into habits of intemperance.

In connection with this celebrated microscopist, the following curious anecdote is related:—

"Some years since, in England, barrels containing gold-dust were emptied of their precious contents, and filled with sand. The party robbed, not being entirely satisfied with the exchange, submitted the case to the microscopist, Ehrenberg. The latter, by examining with the microscope specimens of sand from the several stations on that part of the road traversed by the barrels, was enabled by the peculiarities of its appearance to designate the places at which the barrels had been filled. The officers of justice were thus put upon the right track, and the thieves captured.

In our own country, not many years since, a most curious and interesting case of murder was decided by this wonderful and silent witness. The individual toward whom the whole circumstantial evidence was pointing as the guilty man, claimed that the blood-stains on the knife acknowledged to be his property, were from a lamb that he had the day before killed. The microscope was brought to bear upon the instrument by men known to be ignorant of the circumstances of the case. The blood-stains were not only found to be those of a human being, but the microscope revealed on the blade what had been imperceptible to the naked eye, a secretion peculiar to the glands of the throat. Stranger still, it pointed to cotton fibres on the blade of the instrument. "The knife," said the microscopists in their report, "has been used in cutting through cotton into the neck of a human being." Now listen, and wonder at the power of this wonderful, silent witness: The murdered man had been found with his throat cut through the neckband of his cotton shirt. The evidence was as conclusive as though a voice from the clouds had proclaimed in tones of thunder: "Thou art the man."

A few years ago, a man under trial for murder in Western New York, asserted that blood-stains on an axe found in his possession were from a dog which he had killed. The case was referred to Prof. Hadley, of Buffalo, who was purposely kept in ignorance of all the circumstances. Submitting the blood-stains to microscopic inspection, he decided that they were from a dog, thus confirming the poor man's testimony.

You remember how you were startled a few years since, by a voice from the scientific world, claiming that the microscope could detect the image of the murderer on the retina of his victim's eye, thus referring the matter to a witness that cannot be bribed—to a judge that would not hesitate to condemn the duke in the heart of his duchy, or the king in his purple.

The microscope is a peace-maker, a settler of disputes. Some hundred years since, it was asserted by a learned savan of France, in contradiction to history and tradition, that the wrappings of the Egyptian mummies were of cotton. From this sprang a curious and voluminous discussion, pro and con. In the midst of these philosophical discussions, some man conceived the idea of appealing to the microscope, when the question was forever settled. It was then discovered that the fibres of the cotton were composed of transparent tubes, while those of the flax were jointed like cane. The fibre of the mummy clothes was shown to be jointed as in the flax of the present day.

The microscope has put at rest the doubts and controversies of distinguished palæontologists concerning the affinities of the gigantic megatherium, by pointing to the tissue of its dental organs. By the same curious and delicate method, it has forever decided the questions, which for a time agitated the scientific world, of the existence of Reuper-reptiles in the lower sandstone of the Newred system in Warwickshire. In the same manner the microscope has rectified errors in the classification of animals that roamed the earth before the creation of man.

ON THE LETTER H.

'T was whispered in heaven, 't was muttered in hell,
And Echo caught faintly the sound as it fell:
On the confines of earth 't was permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed,
'T will be found in the sphere, when 't is riven asunder,
Be seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder.
'T was alloted to man with his earliest breath,
Attends at his birth, and awaits him in death;
It presides o'er his happiness, honor and health,
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.
Without it the soldier, the seaman, may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home.
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion be drowned.
'T will not soften the heart, and though deaf to the ear,
'T will make it acutely and instantly hear.
But in shade let it rest, like a delicate flower,
Or breathe on it softly—it dies in an hour.

Here is another on the same subject:

"Hon the Letter Haitch."

I dwell in the hearth and I breathe in the hair;
If you searches the hocean you'll find that I'm there.
The first of all hangels in holympus am I,
Yet I'm banished from 'even, expelled from on 'igh;
But though on this horb, I'm destined to grovel,
I'm ne'er seen in an 'ouse, an 'ut, or an 'ovel;
Not an 'oss nor an 'unter e'er bears me, alas!
But often I'm found borne by a hass.
I reside in a hattic, and loves not to roam,
And yet I'm invariably habsent from 'ome.
Though 'ushed in the 'urricane, of the hatmosphere part,
I enters no 'ed, I creeps into no 'art,
Only look, and you'll see in the heyes I appear,
Only 'ark and you'll 'ear me just breathe in the hear.
Though in sex, not in 'ed, I'm strange paradox,
Not a bit of a 'effer, but partly a hox.
Of heternity I'm the beginning! and mark,
Though I goes not with Noar I'm the first in the hark.
I'm never in 'ealth—have with fysic no power,
I dies in a month, but comes back in an our.

An Amiable Weakness.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ZIG.

IX.

There is an unlucky fellow whom the gaugers of wit hereabouts have decided to be not over bright. Be that as it may, kind Providence has seen fit to bless (?) poor Bill with a wife, in her own estimation amply capable of supplying all her husband's mental short-comings. She bases this intellectual supremacy upon the fact that when she married Bill, she was the owner of a "house 'n lot." He has a sorry life of it, has Bill, for the strong-minded female who halves his joys and doubles his sorrows, is vicious as a mule, with a tongue like the sting of a wasp. One day this unhappy man, goaded beyond all endurance, ventured a remark. Says he:

"I'd rather be among a swarm o' bees, than among one woman."

He wasn't especially complimentary to the female sex.

Now, I would far rather say an ill-natured thing about a man than about a woman. For it is my solemn duty, as it is my blessed privilege, to defend our side of the house on every occasion. I have always asserted that women are as nearly perfect as the horrid men will let them be. Judge then with what unspeakable reluctance I am compelled to admit it as my conviction that, so far from being only half-witted, Simple Bill has more sense than all the men in town. "A woman," says he farther, "is sich a peaky critter." I believe him.

Women don't often get drunk, nor swear, nor swindle. But they talk scandal. Worst of all, they don't invariably hold fast by the strict truth. Also, they sometimes compose a wonderful and ingenious romance, as one who should invent a new figure in crochet work, and then unselfishly bestow the patent right to their invention upon all their acquaintances. Likewise, some of them are deceitful as the father of lies. Moreover, they *never will* mind their own business. With these trifling exceptions, as women go, our gender is perfect. But talking scandal is the head and front of their offending. It includes all the other sins mentioned. It is the Amiable Weakness at the head of this chapter. It is the grand besetting sin of womankind. And it stands to reason that this should be so. Because women as a general thing have nothing else to do. They don't know enough to occupy their time with books. Ask the dear creatures the commonest question about literature, science, or politics; try to draw out their knowledge, and you will find it is like extracting the square root of a minus quantity—an impossibility. They don't want to learn such things, not they; that's men's business. So knowing nothing, either useful or ornamental, they run to gossip. Meeting together, they say the worst things possible to be said about their dear friends who are absent, and when they separate, each evil story spreads faster than the three hundred firebrands which Samson tied to the foxes' tails. It is partly the fault of their education. If women knew more, they would lie less. Do you suppose Mary Somerville ever talked scandal? Imagine Harriet Hosmer running about the streets of Rome, telling the news! There is a parlor game, familiar to us all, which is a keen satire on this amiable weakness of the feminine gender. A party of from a dozen to twenty sit around side by side, and when all is ready, the one at the head whispers a sentence into the ear of his next neighbor, who in turn, repeats it, just as he understands it, to *his* next neighbor, and so on. When they have gone around the circle, each one tells what he supposes himself to have heard, and scarcely two in the whole dozen have heard the same sentence. The application is very plain.

Madame, how many characters did you help riddle to pieces at your last Mite Society? How many white names did your swift tongue help to blacken? Suppose now that it had been your daughter instead of that unhappy girl whose mother is a poor widow, but just as good as you are. Do you think you would have congratulated yourself on being the first to hear and tell that devilish story of her ruin and death? Suppose your respectable husband had been found drunk in a gutter, instead of your friend's next door. Would you have put on your bonnet, ten minutes after, and told the tale in a half-dozen different houses? Do you know that when poor Alice Brown tried to find honest work, and win back her good reputation, that you spread the story of her early mis-step, closed every honorable door against her, and drove her down to everlasting perdition? But you are a pious woman—a member of church. Oh! yes. And a Christian, *Christian!* A fiend out of hell could have done no more than you did. Do you think when that lost soul points to you as the cause of her ruin it will profit you much to say that you were a Christian? There is an old saying which will come home to you some day. Madame, just as sure as the sky is above you, the harm your evil tongue has wrought will come back upon your own head. It never fails. Watch your sister scandal mongers; watch yourself, and you will see. And when the grief and the sin and the shame enter your own doors, remember this, and remember I told you of it, that—Chickens come home to roost.

A monk and a woman are the devil's claws, says an ancient German proverb. Verily the devil's sharpest claw, the claw which stirs up strife, enmity, and wrangling, which scratches up to the light of day the sins, foibles, and hidden corners of a whole neighborhood, which tears out the seed of whatever is good and kindly in men's hearts, whose touch would blacken all the angels in the kingdom of heaven, this claw is a gossiping woman. Simple Bill was right. One woman's tongue does more harm than the stings of a whole swarm of bees.

My sisters, these things ought not so to be. Blunt the edge of the devil's claw. Cease backbiting and tale-bearing. If you can say nothing good of another, say nothing at all. Fill your heads with something useful, your hearts with the charity which thinketh no evil.

Lastly, Fear God and mind your own business.

☞ CHANGE OF HOURS FOR MEALS.—Until towards the middle of the seventeenth century people were in the practice of dining at ten or eleven o'clock in the forenoon. "With us," so reads the preface to Hollingshed, "the nobility, gentry and students do ordinarily go to dinner before noon, and to supper at five, or between five and six at afternoon. The merchants dine and sup seldom before twelve at noon and six at night, especially in London. The husbandmen dine, also, at high noon, as they call it, and sup at seven or eight; but out of the town, in our universities, the scholars dine at ten."

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY COSMO.

Chilean Cattle—Country Life—The Llama—Capital Cookery—Zea Caragua—Destiny.

The general characteristics, as well as many individual features of not only the horses and horned cattle, but the sheep of Chile also, are so manifestly different from those of the Llanos of the Orinoco and Amazon, the great grazing field of Brazil, and the almost boundless pampas of Buenos Ayres, that even a novice from abroad rarely fails to remark and wonder at the difference.

Beginning with the horse, the Chilean animal is more compact in frame, stronger limbed, more uniform in size and color, less spirited, timid, a great deal less like a deer, but infinitely more serviceable and enduring, for all domestic purposes, than his equine brother from any of the Atlantic side countries of South America.

Between the horned cattle of Chile and those of the pampas, or Llanos, the difference is quite as marked. They are of larger growth, deeper in chest, loins and flanks, heavier, shorter legged, smaller horned—the oxen are far better workers, the cows almost always docile and tolerable fair milkers, the hair is sleeker, the hides finer grained, and better for leather, and both cows and oxen afford infinitely better beef than is ever eaten in the Provinces of the Rio de la Plata or Brazil.

The sheep of the Andean and southern regions of Chile are very little like the miserable mongrel scrubs that one sees, if he goes far enough, by hundreds of thousands throughout the Argentine Confederacy. They are fine, heavy bodied, clean limbed, long wooled animals, the fleeces abundant—not very fine; but of a soft, silky texture, and no other country in the world affords so delicious mutton as the mountain and far southern regions of Chile.

"Blood will tell" in animals as well as humanity, and the blood of the Biscayan Provinces of Asturias in old Spain, whence the progenitors of these Chilean horses, horned cattle and sheep originally came, still tells with marked effect in their latest progeny.

With a stretch of territory extending from east to west through more than six degrees of longitude, no where above fifty miles in breadth, embracing the northern slope of the Cantabrian mountains,—receiving the rough rude blasts and invigorating breezes from the great Biscayan gulf—with a soil, climate and condition very like that of southern Chile, Asturias in Spain has always had a race of horses, horned cattle and sheep superior in all domestic points to those of Andalusia, Murcia, Valencia and Catalonia, from whence came the herds that dot in millions all the South American regions east of the Andes and Equador, Peru, Bolivia and northern Chile, on the Pacific Slope.

This stock transferred to these far southern regions in the days of Valdivia, has to this day maintained all its original characteristics, rather improving by time and change of locality than in any respect degenerating.

Take the population of that portion of Chile south of about the 33d parallel of latitude, and from the lower slopes of the Andes to the sea coast, and as a rule they will be found differing in their manners, customs and general economy of life, from the Spanish American race elsewhere—even in their own country, quite as widely as do their flocks and herds from those of the other countries of South America.

The southern Chilean is toned down from the caballiero, hidalgo, herdiero, haughty Don, half savage, to the honest, industrious, more intelligent country gentleman—consistent as a man, confiding as a friend, generous, hospitable, liberal in ideas, and in his way very like a Christian. I do not mean that these points of character pertain to "creation's lords" alone. The characteristics apply as well and more universally to the women of southern Chile.

The general economy of life over a wide region of this southern land is a mingling of the pastoral and agricultural, with moderate herds, well cultivated fields, the production of a variety of grains, vegetables and fruits common to a temperate region, domestic manufactures, comfortable homes—doors always open to the stranger, hearts and hands as open to the needy, and a very comfortable moral and social condition of society at large.

There are bad neighborhoods and exceptional individual cases, it is true—sometimes uncomfortably frequent. Otherwise southern Chile—a considerable portion of it—would be a modern Paradise.

It was here, in this Andean region, that we first found in its best development the American representative of the Camel Family, in the domesticated Llama—*A llaema* of Linnæus, of which several of our naturalists have made a mistake in classing it arbitrarily with both the *Guanaco* and *Vicuna*. The Llama is not quite like either animal—very little like the latter, and most like—itself—the Andean Llama.

In height the full grown animal stands about three feet six inches; only as the neck is as long in proportion as that of the African or Asiatic camel, the head large, and the ears like those of a mule, and erect; if we were to measure from the ground to the tip of the ears, we should have for the animal an altitude of very nearly five and a half feet.

It is a decidedly ugly head that the Llama wears—heavy, rounded from the ears to the nostrils, like an immense Roman nose, the muzzle square, with two straight slits for nostrils, another underneath for a mouth, and the under jaw a sharp, upward curve. Not a line of beauty or symmetry about the head of a Llama. The weight of the animal is from two hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds, the body covered with a rough coat of dull reddish hair, shading into a dirty ash color underneath, and sometimes down the legs.

As a beast of burden the Llama is very serviceable in these craggy, mountain regions, carrying a weight of eighty pounds—patient, docile, sure-footed, and capable of enduring all vicissitudes of heat and cold, and making long marches without food or water. Useful enough in the Andes the Llama is, but of very doubtful utility I think in the United States.

Right here I come to in my journal—from which the reader will please remember I am gleaning my material, something set down as "*Capital Cookery.*" I remember that practice of the Chilena housewives, the more especially as we now and then repeat it here, finding it always very pleasant and palatable.

When a far southern Chilean senora intends to treat her guests with extraordinary distinction, and serve them with the very best dinner she is capable of achieving, she sets about the affair herself—trusting nothing to *Quicha*, peon, or half Spanish cooks. That dinner is to be prepared with her own hands.

Nice, young pullets—one—to three, or more, according to the number to be fed are dressed and parboiled ten minutes or about that time. Then eggs boiled about four minutes, so that the shell may be removed, leaving the egg whole, but soft and quivering, are rolled lightly in mixed spices, and enclosed in an envelope of nice, shortened paste of fine wheat flour made light, and rolled out a quarter of an inch thick.

Then the enveloped eggs are deposited carefully within the pullets, the interocesses filled in with thin strips of sweet, fat pork, giblets of paste, small new potatoes, fillets of lamb or mutton, with sprigs of parsley, the orifice is closed, and the pullets are placed in a pot, just covered with water, which is kept moderately simmering for an hour under a close cover, and then the water being mostly evaporated, the pullets are stewed slowly half-an-hour longer, and sent to the table hot and in a hurry.

This is what the southern Chileans call *Pollo con huevos* (chicken with eggs.) It is certainly a deliciously delicate dish, and well worthy of being made an example of very widely by our cooks and housewives in the United States.

Among the many varieties of grasses and grains, wild, and in cultivation, in the mountain valleys, on all the western slopes, and distributed all over the lower level country towards the Pacific, from the latitude of thirty-three South, to that of perhaps forty-one, nothing more picturesquely beautiful appears than the stately, bread-leaved, gently waving Zea Caragua, a variety of maize or Indian corn.

The plant rises in a stout, jointed, symmetrical stock to a height of from seven to ten feet, with the foliage leaves striking out alternately on opposite sides, at intervals of ten to twelve inches, almost vertical at the base, but gradually sweeping over in a graceful plume, or rather a broad, beautiful ribbon, from three to four inches in width, four feet in length, striped as regularly as some delicately woven fabric of glossy satin, with pure white and brilliant green, toned at times with rose tints more lovely than ever Aurora herself hung out to enchant the eye.

The *Zea Caragua*, in Chile and Peru, is as productive perhaps as several of our smaller sorts of maize in the United States, and between the parallels of forty, and forty-two, in southern Chile, at an altitude where the climate is quite as severe, and the vicissitudes as sudden as in New England, we saw the plant growing abundantly, perfectly hardy, and were assured by those whom we considered reliable authority that the average yield per acre under very superficial cultivation was about sixty bushels.

As this variety of maize will undoubtedly produce as well at least in the United States, and mature its grain wherever our common corn will do so, and as the amount of fodder it will yield, must, I believe, be quite four times as great as that of our corn—besides, it is thought that the stalk will produce more real cane sugar than the sorghum, it seems that an experiment on a small scale is worth the trial by our farmers in the United States.

I am not positive that seed can be obtained from the Agricultural Department at Washington, but I am very positive that any one writing to either of the gentlemen named below—our representatives in Peru and Chile, and paying their postage, will be sure to receive the seed in due time.

Ambrose W. Clark, Consul, Valparaiso, Chile,; James H. Trumbull, Consul, Talcahuana, Chile; Charles C. Greene, Consul, Coquimbo, Chile; James H. McCally, Consul, Callao, Peru; Hiram R. Hawkins, Consul, Tumbez, Peru; Allen A. Hall, Resident Minister, La Paz, Bolivia; Lewis Joel, Consul, Cobija, Bolivia.

Chile has her destiny, now for the first time in her existence beginning to be manifest. Blessed with a climate of almost unequalled salubrity, a soil as productive as any in the world—her whole internal structure teeming with mineral wealth, abounding in immense and inexhaustible water power along her thousand miles of Pacific slope, capable of producing in profusion and perfection all the grains and vegetables of our northern temperate zone—with coal in inexhaustible supply almost on her very coast, numerous commodious harbors, and every element of prosperity, it needed but this, her first conflict with a foreign and unpopular enemy, to draw to herself from all quarters, an element embracing tact, enterprise, energy, skill and capital; and ten years hence Chile will be on the high way to a destiny as brilliant as our own, just as surely as she will within these two years teach the haughty Don that it were better he had held his peace about that cargo of coal.

☞ Drunken men show more consistency in Nashville than many other cities we know of. A few nights ago a fellow on a regular bender went to a police office and demanded to be arrested, alleging that he was drunk and disorderly, and ought to be looked after. He would not be persuaded to go home, but insisted upon being locked up. He was finally accommodated, and next morning taken before the Mayor, where he paid his three dollars and-a-half without a murmur.

☞ "What are you about with my microscope, George?" "I've been shaving, father, and I want to see if there are any hairs in the lather as yet."

☞ An ebony colored female of the African persuasion entered a store not a hundred miles from here and asked a polite clerk to show her "some *flesh* colored hose." Taking a second glance at the shade, the young man went in search of the article, returning with a lot of black stockings, whereat the sable customer frowned indignantly, turned suddenly upon the "middle of her foot," and "jerked" herself out of the store, remarking as she went, that "he couldn't fool her wid dem ole black stockings;" she wanted *flesh* color, or none at all.

☞ The Havana Volunteer says that a man of that town, who had been away from his family for some time, and on his return found his wife had become rather free, in the extremity of his grief was heard to say, "I thought her cutting up with the men was bad enough, but when I found some of 'em wearing my clothes it annoyed me like ——!"

☞ Taking Liberties with the Text.—A new and frightfully literal translation of the New Testament has been printed, in which John the Baptist has been styled "John the Dipper." Another specimen is, "Neither do men light a lamp and put it under a corn measure, but on a lampstand, and it giveth light to all who are in the family." This new version, the Springfield Republican suggests, might suit that rustic minister, who, in a hot controversy against immersion, took for his text, "Be not carried away with divers."

A Bad Sign.

The New York correspondent of the Illinois Journal says:—

"I am called upon to record one of the strangest phenomena of the times—a growing unpopularity in that most popular institution, the marriage institution. It is an important fact, one full of the deepest significance, as well to political philosopher as the lightest gossip, that the number of marriages is relatively growing less every year. Especially is this so in cities, and most so in the metropolis. The records of the public journals, the statements of solemnizing ministers, and the current observations of the heads of families, all concur that there is a growing disinclination to marry, which, though just apparent now, may soon become a serious matter. There have been no marriages of consequence in what may be termed "high life" this season, nor anything like the usual number among the middle classes. Now and then we see wedding cards, or a bride at the opera or evening parties, but the number is astonishingly small. People are of course marrying all the time, but who are they? People whom nobody knows. The everlasting poor are tying themselves up for life as usual.

"When a man reaches that deplorable condition that he has not a change of shirts to his back, he is in a fit condition for the sacrifice. That has always been a strong incentive to the altar-bound, that when fortune frowns her hardest, and when things have gone to their worst, many a man defies fate, and takes a wife. If his lot in life improves, and it can hardly do otherwise, he gives the institution the credit. In business circles, and in a social scale, there has always been a premium on marriage. The man who takes a wife gives hostages to fortune, and has bound himself more firmly to the drudgery of toil. Merchants and bankers raise the salary of a young man when he marries, and frequently refuse to do it until then. It is remarkable that the extraordinary natural proneness towards the dear sex should not require hindrances instead of stimulants. Yet it has passed into proverb that if a man do not marry young, it grows less and less probable with him, and this is, perhaps, after all, the best argument for early marriages. It perpetually happens that of all classes who might and ought to marry they do not, while those who ought not, do."

A Chinese Trick.

A short time ago a quantity of stolen rice was discovered under a bridge near Hornitos, California. Calculating that the parties who stole it would go after it at night, and would be easily caught, some of the sharp ones stationed themselves around and watched for developments. After they had taken their position, a Chinaman came reconnoitering about, evidently looking out for some outside "interference." As he went near the place where the rice was deposited, the men on duty rushed at him; but he proved to be only a decoy, ran like a wild cat, and all ran after him. He easily outran the party, and, whilst they were after him, his confederates went after and safely carried off the rice. The individuals who thought they were too smart for Chinamen, readily conceded that they were out-manœuvred.

The Sale of Poisons.

A recently published statement of the villanies perpetrated on a too confident and heedless public says, "Vinegar is made out of acids that never ought to be taken into the stomach. The cider which we buy is not apple-juice, but a concoction of articles which are totally independent of the existence of an apple tree. Spices and sauces are extensively adulterated. No one can be sure of good coffee unless he buys it in the kernel and has it prepared for use at home. Tea is even worse, for the work of poisoning has been commenced before it leaves the producer. The color of some varieties of green tea is said to be the result of the admixture of poisons with the natural leaf, and other qualities are largely adulterated with the leaves of other plants. The adulteration of liquors is too well known to require comment."

A Sinking City.

The commune of Buonanotte, in France, is hourly menaced with utter destruction. Five manufactories have already been overthrown, and sixty-four more are threatened with imminent ruin. The inhabitants have fled in the greatest consternation to the neighboring villages. The cause of the disaster is a sudden and violent depression of the soil, which is at the present time accounted for by one of two reasons—either the fall of an immense mass of earth in the west of the district, or the yielding of the roof of an extensive subterranean cavern. But in reality nothing certain is yet known as to the cause of this most deplorable event. A number of civil engineers have hastened to the spot, and prompt measures are in course of adoption to prevent still greater disaster.

Reproving Children.

1. Reprove without anger. Passion destroys the moral power of a rebuke.

2. Reprove with consideration. Take the best view of the case, not the worst.

3. Let your reproof be directed to the reason and the conscience. Thereby you educate the child.

4. Reprove gently. "Thy *gentleness* hath made me great."

5. Don't always reprove. "Molasses catches more flies than vinegar."

"Fathers, provoke not your children to anger, *lest they be discouraged.*"

Too Much Rain.—When General Sully, last summer, on the expedition to the Devil's Lake, passed Fort Berthoid, quite a number of Indians had gathered there to see him and make peace. They complained a great deal of dry weather, and wished the General would make rain the same as Father de Smet, the missionary that used to see them, had done. The General promised them he would do the best he could. It happened that shortly afterward a heavy thunder-storm passed, flooding everything. The Indians were greatly pleased, and called the General a great medicine man; but they said it was a little too much at once. "Well," said the General, "I know it; but I couldn't stop the thing after it started!"

☞ A most elegant lady was taken up for kleptomania, when a gentleman present said, "It was all owing to her taper hand." "And pray, what has that to do with it?" inquired the unsuspecting magistrate. "Why, sir, you see it accounts naturally for her being light-fingered."

The Last Place.

Rev. Thomas Whittemore, D. D., lately extensively known through the country as publisher of a prominent Universalist journal, was a wit as well as a theologian of no little celebrity. He loved to give and take a good joke as well as he loved a good dinner, which is saying a good deal of him. Besides his almost herculean efforts as a preacher, publisher and editor, his great business talent made him President of the Fitchburg Railroad Company. But, whatever else he did or was, his belief in universal salvation while living and when dying was strong and prominent.

Well, soon after he was made President of the railroad, in order to post himself in all particulars for a thorough discharge of his duty, he concluded to walk the length of the road—about forty miles—incog., that, while unknown to the workmen on the road, he might personally judge their faithfulness. At length, meeting an employee on the road from "sweet Erin, the jewel of the sea," who was roughly handling some boards sent for transportation, much to their injury, the President accosted him mildly, saying:

"My good friend, are you not handling those boards too roughly?"

"Bedad!" responded Pat, "and if I be, what's all that to likes of yees?"

"Oh! no matter what it is to me," responded the President. "You should do your work carefully."

"Oh! begone, you botheration," said Pat, "and leave me to me own work."

"No!" insisted the President. "You must do your work properly."

"Divil a bit I care for yees!" returned Pat, growing irate at the persistence of the stranger. "You go to hell!"

"Oh!" no," said the President; "that is the very last place I should think of going to."

"Troth!" said Pat; "and it will be the very last place ye will go to, intirely!"

☞ An Agate Mountain.—Near Reese river, in California, there is an isolated mountain, about 500 feet high, whose entire surface on all sides, from summit to base, is covered with agates. Upon digging into the soil they are found like potatoes in a hill. They are oval in shape, and from one to four inches in diameter.

☞ A French Marquis enlisted t'other day as a musician in the French army. His band is stationed in the neighborhood of Paris. He began life not only with a coronet in his cradle, but with an estate of $200,000. All of it has gone except forty dollars, and he is only twenty-eight years old. It melted in woman's false smiles and false protestations.

THE GREAT NEW ENGLAND REMEDY!

Dr. J. W. Poland's

WHITE PINE COMPOUND,

Is now offered to the afflicted throughout the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years, in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND CURES

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, and other complaints.

Give it a trial if you would learn the value of a good and tried Medicine. It is pleasant, safe and sure.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine generally.

GEORGE W. SWETT, M. D., Proprietor, Boston, Mass.

feb10-3m

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER!

THE UNIVERSAL REMEDY

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL COMPLAINTS!

At this period there are but few of the human race unacquainted with the merits of the Pain Killer; but while some extol it as a liniment, they know but little of its power in easing pain when taken internally, while others use it internally with great success but are equally ignorant of its healing virtues when applied externally. We therefore wish to say to all that it is equally successful whether used internally or externally, and it stands alone, unrivalled by all the great catalogue of Family Medicines, and its sale is universal and immense. The demand for it from India and other foreign countries is equal to the demand at home, and it has become known in those far-off places by its merits—the proprietors have never advertised it or been at any expense in its introduction into foreign lands. mar10-2t

To Restore Gray Hair, Stop its Falling,

Make it Grow on Bald Heads, &c., use

"London"	Gray	"Hair Color Does	Restore."
"London"		"Hair Color	Restore."
"London"	Hair	"Hair Color not	Restore."
"London"		"Hair Color	Restore."
"London"	Changed	"Hair Color Stain	Restore."
"London"		"Hair Color	Restore."
"London"	without	"Hair Color or soil	Restore."
"London"		"Hair Color Any-	Restorer."
"London"	Dyeing.	"Hair Color thing.	Restorer."

Apart from its coloring qualities, it is a delightful dressing, perfectly cleanly and fragrantly perfumed; does not stain the skin a particle, or soil the finest cambric. Irritation, Scurf, Dandruff or Itching Scalp it cures effectually.

Only 75 cents a bottle; six bottles $4. Sold at Dr. SWAYNE'S, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, and all leading Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. dec9-eowtf

Worthy the Attention of both Males and Females, who are in want of business. The well-known House of S. M. Ward & Co., Manufacturing Jewellers, 208 Broadway, N. Y., wish to establish an Agency in every town in the U. S., and in order that the Agent can have a sample to exhibit to their customers, they will send as a sample, on the receipt of $2 00, a genuine Gold Pen (warranted) with Silver Extension Case and Pencil, together with a Wholesale Circular to Agents, and eleven certificates, or a Sample Certificate for 25 cts.

There is no Agent but what can make easily $3 a day, and often $10. feb3-9t

Holloway's Pills and Ointment.—Survive or Perish. *Chest Affections.*—During this season of the year the terrible sacrifice of human life is really alarming, and the bills of mortality considerably swelled by rash exposure to the damp atmosphere, which received into the lungs poisons the very fount of the blood and induces bronchitis, pleurisy, asthma and consumption, all of which may be speedily prevented by a timely recourse to Holloway's famous Pills and Ointment—no time should be lost, the least delay being dangerous and productive of the most frightful consequences. All who die with such remedies at hand are morally guilty of self-destruction. Sold by all Druggists.

Copper Tips protect the toes of children's shoes. One pair will outwear three without tips. Sold everywhere. jan6-17t

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral surpasses all other remedies in the rapid and radical cure of Coughs, Colds and Consumption. mar10-2t

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

The March number of this magazine is on our table. "The Impending Ruin," a fine and expressive steel engraving, illustrative of a story of the same name, leads off the number. The double colored steel Fashion Plate is a beautiful one, and the dresses are such as ladies of good taste can wear. Then we have engravings of a Carriage-dress, Pelerine, Home-dress, Child's dress, "Fanchon" Bonnet, &c., &c. The music for this month is the "Richmond Polka." The literary contents are excellent. We may especially note "The Impending Ruin;" A Song by Beatrice Colonna; "Victoria Regina," a story in which the heroine, a beautiful and refined young lady, becoming poor, seeks domestic service, and finds her reward in so doing; Poems by Florence Percy and August Bell; "Rachel Dana's Legacy;" "Zillah;" "The Pastor's Wife;" "At Last," by Mrs. Bella Z. Spencer; "Marrying an Indian, and How I came to do it," a very well told story; Editorials, Fashions, Receipts, &c., &c. We give the following

TABLE OF CONTENTS:

STEEL PLATE—The Impending Ruin.
COLORED FASHION PLATE.
ILLUSTRATIONS:
Carriage Dress—Name in Point Russe—Pelerine with Hood—Black Velvet Muff—Home Dress—Child's Dress—The Mousquetaire Paletot—Name in Satin Stitch and French Knots—"Fanchon" Bonnet—Empire Bonnet—Handkerchief Vignette—Crochet Insertion and Edging—Empire Bonnet in Black Satin—Coiffure a l'Empire—Crochet Imitation of Guipure Lace—Medallions for Insertion in Collars and Sleeves—Insertion.
MUSIC—Richmond Polka.
THE IMPENDING RUIN. (Illustrated.)
SONG. By Beatrice Colonna.
WHEN WE WERE YOUNG. By Harriet of Aldenlow.
VICTORIA REGINA. By Sophie May.
HAVE FAITH. By J. C. T.
DAYS OF MY YOUTH.
PRESENTIMENT. By Barbara Johns.
DECEMBER. By Clara Augusta.
IF I SHOULD TELL YOU. By Florence Percy.
BOTH SIDES OF THE WATER. By Frances Lee.
TO A STATUE IN A FOUNTAIN. By August Bell.
RACHEL DANA'S LEGACY. By H. A. Haydon.
SPRING FLOWERS.
LOVE'S HISTORY.
ZILLAH. By Emma B. Ripley.
AWAIT. By Emma M. Johnston.
MORNING CHORUS OF BIRDS.
THE PASTOR'S WIFE. By Mrs. M. Ritchie.
THINK OF ME. By Mrs. M. F. Tucker.
AT LAST. By Bella Z. Spencer.
MARRYING AN INDIAN; AND HOW I CAME TO DO IT. By Mrs. Bella F. Buxton.
NOVELTIES FOR MARCH. With Illustrations.
EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.
New Publications.
Miscellaneous Receipts.
Fashions—Description of Colored Fashion Plate.

Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4; 3 copies (and one *gratis*) $6. *Now is the time to get up clubs for* 1866. Specimen numbers for this purpose will be sent for 15 cents. *Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines are furnished as Premiums in certain cases.* The Prospectus of this magazine for the present year embodies a splendid list of contributors. Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 28th of Feb., by the Rev. J. H. Castle, Mr. Lemuel M. Briggs, of Smyrna, Chenango co., N. Y., to Miss Sallie A. Ewell, of Kinesaing.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. William Hart, of Del. county, Pa., to Miss Caddie S. Kelley, of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. John Lock to Miss Cecilia Reed, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. T. A. Fenley, Mr. Henry J. Muschert to Miss Harriet J. Spence, both of this city.

On the 22d of Feb., at the Ashland House, by the Rev. G. W. Smiley, Mr. Soleon Tomer to Miss Emma Grove, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th instant, David Jayne, M. D., in his 67th year.

On the 5th instant, Jane, wife of John Thornton, aged 61 years.

On the 6th instant, William Hasson, in his 40th year.

On the 4th instant, Mr. Robert Lynn, in his 64th year.

On the 4th instant, Francis L. Campbell, in his 47th year.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. Elizabeth Scott, in her 61st year.

S—T—1860—X.

DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They overcome effects of dissipation and late hours.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Diarrhœa, Cholera and Cholera Morbus.
They cure Liver Complain and Nervous Headache.
They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles.

P. H. DRAKE & CO.,
21 Park Row, New York.

AGUA de MAGNOLIA.

A toilet delight! The ladies' treasure and gentlemen's boon! The "sweetest thing" and largest quantity. Manufactured from the rich Southern Magnolia. Used for bathing the face and person, to render the skin soft and fresh, to prevent eruptions, to perfume clothing, &c.

It overcomes the unpleasant odor of perspiration.
It removes redness, tan, blotches, &c.
It cures nervous headache and allays inflammation.
It cools, softens and adds delicacy to the skin.
It yields a subdued and lasting perfume.
It cures musquito bites and stings of insects.
It contains no material injurious to the skin.

Patronized by Actresses and Opera Singers. It is what every lady should have. Sold everywhere. Try the Magnolia Water once and you will use no other Cologne, Perfumery, or Toilet Water afterwards.

DEMAS BARNES & CO.,
jan20-eowim. Props. Exclusive Agents, N. Y.

A Pet Lion.

A gentleman, visiting at a house in Algeria, says:—"In a few minutes the door opened, and a lion entered the room, the man only leading him by the tuft of his mane. He was a magnificent animal, two years old, and full grown, all but his mane, which, although but a foot long, made, nevertheless, a respectable appearance. He did not seem to care about our being strangers, but walked about the room like a large dog, permitted us to take liberties with him, such as patting him, shaking a paw, and making him exhibit his teeth and claws. He showed, however, a marked predilection in favor of old acquaintances, and lying down before them, turned on his back to be scratched. After a scratch or two he began to yawn, and was fairly settling himself for a nap, when a cigar was puffed in his face, a proceeding he evidently did not approve of. Rising in a hurry, curling his lips, and wrinkling his nose, he exposed to view a splendid set of teeth, a sure sign that he was not pleased. A hearty encore seemed to restore him to good temper; and bearing no malice, he returned a friendly pat, bestowed on him by Capt. Martenot, who had been the aggressor, by rubbing his head caressingly against his knees."
—*Kennedy's Algeria and Tunis.*

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.—It is not generally known that soldiers who have lost limbs in the service of the United States are entitled to artificial substitutes, which can be procured upon the presentation of evidence of honorable discharge, and that the wound causing the loss of limb was received in service. They are furnished free of charge, and do not affect any pension or bounty-claim the soldier may have against the government.

P. S. PETERSON & Co.,

(Late Withers & Peterson,)

No 309 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA,

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS.

STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

7 3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.

All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.

Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.

DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.
myS-1y

OLDEST ARMY AND NAVY
Prize Money and Pension Office.
Established in 1840.

JOHN H. FRICK,

NOTARY PUBLIC, PENSION AND PRIZE AGENT, Commissioner for all the States. Collects Claim to PENSIONS, BOUNTY, PAY, PRIZE MONEY, &c., for Soldiers, Seamen, Marines, Widows, Mothers and Heirs. Office, No. 223 DOCK street, above Walnut, room No. 5, Philadelphia. Residence, No. 2 LINDEN St., Germantown. PASSPORTS procured, ACKNOWLEDGMENTS, Depositions and Affidavits taken for Pennsylvania. Letters will receive attention. feb24-3m

OCCUPATION
AT YOUR OWN HOMES.

Thousands can realize a hundred dollars weekly. No utensils required except those found in every household; profits 100 per cent; demand staple as flour. It is the greatest discovery of the age. Full particulars sent on receipt of two stamps for return postage. Address HOSKINS & BROWN,
mar10-2t 541 Broadway, New York.

AWAY with SPECTACLES.
OLD EYES
MADE NEW, without Spectacle, Doctors or Medicine. Pamphlet mailed free. Address E. B. FOOTE, M. D., 1130 Broadway, New York. mar17-3m

AWAY with UNCOMFORTABLE
TRUSSES!
COMFORT AND CURE FOR THE RUPTURED. Sent free. Address, E. B. FOOTE, M. D., 1130 Broadway, New York. mar17-3m

PARENTS take care of Your
CHILDREN!
CROUP—Its Cause, Cure, *and how it may be prevented. Sent free.* Address, E. B. FOOTE, M. D., 1130 Broadway, New York. mar17-3m

$1500 PER YEAR!—We want agents everywhere to sell our IMPROVED $20 Sewing Machines. Three new kinds. Under and upper feed. Warranted five years. Above salary or large commissions paid. The ONLY machines sold in United States for less than $40, which are *fully licensed by Howe, Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, Singer & Co., and Bachelder.* All other cheap machines are *infringements.* Circulars *free.* Address, or call upon Shaw & Clark, Biddeford, Maine. dec 30-3m

IMPORTANT TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

On receipt of 50 cents I will send to any address, full instructions to make and use a valuable preparation, which is necessary to the comfort of every family. Complete satisfaction guaranteed. Address M. SAMUEL, Montezuma, Pike Co. Illinois.
mar17-2t

CHANCE FOR EVERYBODY.—SEVERAL valuable patents for sale. Shop's as low as $10, Towns $20, Cities $30, Counties $40, and States $50 and up. Terms the very easiest ever known. Address pamphlets, with stamp, A. J. RITTER, Rahway, N. J. feb17-4t

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 *times*, mailed for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN,
dec 17-tf Box 2220, Boston, Mass.

WHISKERS.—We will guarantee to every young man who uses RUSSELL'S ITALIAN COMPOUND, according to directions, a luxuriant growth of beard in five weeks, or cheerfully refund the money. Sent free, by mail, for 50 cts. Address MARK RUSSELL & CO., Box 22, Albany, N. Y.
mar10-3m

$28.80 PER DAY.—AGENTS WANTED, Male and Female, in a pleasant, permanent and honorable business. For further particulars, address A. D. BOWMAN & CO., 115 Nassau St., New York. [Clip out and return this notice.]

The Great Strengthening Tonic!
(NOT A WHISKEY PREPARATION.)
HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN BITTERS,
WILL CURE
Debility! Debility!
Resulting from any cause whatever.

H

PROSTRATION OF THE SYSTEM
INDUCED BY
Severe Hardships, Exposure, Fevers.
OR
DISEASES OF CAMP LIFE.

SOLDIERS, CITIZENS, MALE OR FEMALE, ADULT OR YOUTH,

Will find this Bitters a pure Tonic, not dependent on bad liquors for their almost miraculous effects.

O

DYSPEPSIA,

And Diseases Resulting from Disorders of the Liver and Digestive Organs,

ARE CURED BY

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

This Bitters has performed more Cures, gives better Satisfaction, has more testimony, has more Respectable People to vouch for it, than any other article in the market.

O

We defy any one to contradict this assertion, and

WILL PAY $1,000

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GERMAN BITTERS,
WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF
Chronic or Nervous Debility
AND
DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS.

F

Observe the following Symptoms, resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits.

L

REMEMBER,

That this Bitters is not Alcoholic, contains no rum or Whiskey, and cannot make Drunkards, but is the Best Tonic in the World.

READ WHO SAYS SO.

[From the Rev. W. D. Seigfried, Pastor of Twelfth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.]

Gentlemen:—I have recently been laboring under the distressing effects of indigestion, accompanied by a prostration of the nervous system. Numerous remedies were recommended by friends, and some of them tested, but without relief. Your Hoofland's German Bitters were recommended by persons who had tried them, and whose favorable mention of these Bitters induced me to try them. I must confess that I had an aversion to Patent Medicines from the "thousand and one" quack "Bitters," whose only aim seems to be to palm off sweetened and drugged liquor upon the community in a sly way, and the tendency of which, I fear, is to make many a confirmed drunkard. Upon learning that yours was really a medicinal preparation, I took it with happy effect. Its action, not only upon the stomach, but upon the nervous system, was prompt and gratifying. I feel that I have derived great and permanent benefit from the use of a few bottles. Very respectfully yours,
W. D. SEIGFRIED, No. 254 Shackamaxon St.

A

[From the Rev. E. D. Fendall, Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philada.]

I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver.
Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL.

[From Rev. D. Merrige, Pastor of the Pennypack Baptist Church, Philada.]

From the many respectable recommendations given to Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I was induced to give them a trial. After using several bottles I found them to be a good remedy for debility, and a most excellent tonic for the stomach. D. MERRIGE.

[From Rev. Wm. Smith, formerly Pastor of the Vincentown and Millville (N. J.) Baptist Churches.

Having used in my family a number of bottles of your Hoofland's German Bitters, I have to say that I regard them as an excellent medicine, specially adapted to remove the diseases they are recommended for. They strengthen and invigorate the system when debilitated, and are useful in disorders of the liver, loss of appetite, &c. I have also recommended them to several of my friends, who have tried them, and found them greatly beneficial in the restoration of health.
Yours truly, WILLIAM SMITH,
905 Hutchinson Street, Philada.

N

Rev. J. S. Herman, of the German Reform Church, Kutztown, Berks County, Pa., was cured of Dyspepsia of twenty years standing.

A. M. Spangler, Editor of the *Culturist*, No 25 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, says this Bitters was recommended to him by a medical friend, and six bottles cured him of complete prostration of the nervous system.

Rev. Thos. Winter, D. D., Pastor of Roxborough Baptist Church:
Rev. Levi G. Beck, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Pemberton, N. J., formerly of the North Baptist Church, Philadelphia, at present Pastor of the Baptist Church, Chester, Pa.:
These gentlemen express, in the strongest terms, their favorable opinion of this Bitters.

D

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(Signed) JOHN W. CHAMBERS,
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WIT AND HUMOR.

A Cigar Anecdote.

R——, an officer of our navy, well known for his gallant and heroic conduct during the late rebellion, is a man of exceedingly fastidious tastes, manifesting due consideration and delicacy in his relations with his fellow men and women. Subject to human frailties, he is an inveterate smoker, and very dependent upon a particular brand of cigars, which usually forms no inconsiderable part of his luggage when travelling. During a stage-coach ride in the Southwest his stock of Havanas had become exceedingly limited, being reduced to but *two*, which state of exhaustion he fully realized, especially in view of being unable to replenish until reaching a point a day's journey distant, where he barely hoped to obtain a fresh supply.

Breakfast having been accomplished and the starting of the coach announced, he took a legitimate "light" in accordance with the rules laid down by connoisseurs, then seated himself somewhat luxuriously in the vehicle, half-audibly soliloquising, "Only two cigars left. Well, I must fully enjoy them!" Having but one companion he reclined lazily against the cushion, watching the floating wreaths of smoke, and wondering if some of the "Spanish" had not surreptitiously escaped unenjoyed, when suddenly the *stage* of proceedings was interrupted by a halt at the door of a neat cottage, from which emerged a respectable-looking female, attired *à la mode, cap à pie*. "Well," thought R——, "my dream of temporary bliss has, I fear, been summarily abbreviated! Perhaps, though, as the day is fine, and the coach is open, I may, by making due apologies, be permitted to enjoy my cigar, as I can not surely think of throwing it away!"

Waiting until the new companion had fairly ensconsed herself, avoiding any apparent obtrusion upon her delicate sensibilities, he ventured to make the hackneyed inquiry, "Madam, do you object to a cigar?" To which she readily replied, much to his surprise and consternation, "Well, Mister, I don't care if I do take one, if you've got some handy; I left my pipe to home this morning!"

Every Dog, &c.

Colonel John F. Farnsworth, who commanded a regiment of Illinois cavalry during the war for the Union (and as gallant an officer as ever drew sword for his country), represented his district in Congress at the time the famous "Kansas Bill" was under discussion. The debate was long and exciting, and there was a great struggle among the members to obtain the floor. Colonel F., after many trials, at last obtained the floor, and proceeded to deliver a strong argument against the bill. The hour allotted to him had nearly expired. He had just finished one of his most eloquent passages, and had paused to take breath, when suddenly a small dog, which had found its way to the reporter's gallery, jumped upon the front bench, put his fore-feet over on the railing, and, looking straight down at the honorable member, commenced to bark furiously. The gallant Colonel, however, was not to be put down in this way. Turning round, he faced the canine intruder, and in the most dignified manner imaginable, and with a majestic wave of the hand, thus replied to the new-comer, amidst roars of laughter from the House and the galleries:

"There, my friend, that will do! One at a time, if you please. Every dog has his day; they've given me the floor for this evening!"

Curious Epitaphs.

Strange as it may seem, the following absurd epitaph is said to have been actually copied from a tombstone in a Massachusetts churchyard:—

This to the memory of Ellen Hill,
A woman who would always have her will,
She snubbed her husband, though she made good bread,
And on the whole he's rather glad she's dead.
She whipped her children (and she drank her gin)
Whipped virtue out, and whipped the devil in.
May all such women go to some great fold
Where they through all eternity can scold!

In pleasant contrast is this curious epitaph, found in Cornwall, England, to the memory of Rev. Mr. Colton and wife:

Forty-nine years they lived, man and wife,
And what's more rare, so many without strife,
She first departing, he a few weeks tried
To live without her, could not, and he died.

Which from T'other.

Question.—What is your name?

Answer.—Vel, I calls minoself Fred, but maybe so—I don't know—it is Yawcup. You see, Chudge, mine modder she have two little poys; one of them was me and one was my broder, or one was my broder and t'other was me, I don't know which; and I was chust so old as my broder was young, or my broder was chust so old as me, I don't know which, and mine modder she don't; and one of was named Fred and t'other Yawcup, or one named Yawcup and the t'other Fred, I don't know which, and one of us got died—but mine modder, she never could tell whether it was me or mine broder what got died; so, Chudge, I does not know whether I am Fred or Yawcup—and mine modder, she don't know.

Obstinate.

We have away out here, in Iowa, a very learned and very worthy "missionary," known as "Father T——," who is more than suspected of being very fond of having his own way. He once attempted to cross a wide, unsettled prairie, and was compelled to "camp out" overnight. In the morning he took the wrong course, and travelled twenty miles due north, while he wished to go east. Some one inquired how it happened, as it was a clear day, and asked him if he couldn't see the sun. "Why, yes," replied Father T——, "I saw the sun, but I couldn't bring myself to believe *that* way was east!"

Ingratitude.—When Lord B—— died, a person met an old man who was one of his most intimate friends. He was pale, confused, awe-stricken. Every one was trying to console him, but in vain. "His loss," he exclaimed, "does not effect me so much as his horrible ingratitude. Would you believe it? he died without leaving me anything in his will—I, who have dined with him, at his own house, three times a week for thirty years!"

"PEACE HAS ITS VICTORIES," &c.

Lady to Grocer.—"Colonel, have you any good cooking butter?"
Colonel.—"Oh! yes, ma'am; capital butter."
Lady.—"How much?"
Colonel.—"Seventy-five cents."
Lady.—"Dear me, what an awful price. But then you were always great in a charge!"
(The Colonel feels flattered and throws in half a pound of soap, not the metaphorical article, gratis.)

The Inquest.

Poor Peter Pike is drowned, and the neighbors say
The jury mean to sit on him to-day.
"Know'st thou what for?" said Tom.
Quoth Ned, "No doubt
'Tis merely done to squeeze the water out."

Compliments.—An absurd specimen in the art of complimenting occurred lately. A well-known musician was at one of our country towns, performing at some concerts. He received polite attentions from several of the leading inhabitants, and particularly from Mr. ——, an old gentleman who had been a manufacturer, retired some years on a splendid fortune. Old Mr. —— is a plain, good man, with a peculiar mode of expressing himself, generally ending his speech with "Sich as it is." The first time the musician visited him, on bidding him take a seat next at an excellent dinner, he said: "Mr. ——, you see your dinner, sich as it is." At dessert the same remark on the wine—"Pray don't spare it, sich as it is." At last, Mr. ——, having to go and play at a concert, rose to take leave of his kind host. The old gentleman said in the kindest manner, "Oh, Mr. ——, so sorry you are going, for I should like to have had more of your company, sich as it is."

Not Much of a Preacher.—Last fall nearly all the ministers of the M. E. Church stationed on Lake Superior, went down to conference on the propeller Lac La Belle, the first mate of which is a dry joker. Having heard that there were several preachers on board, he remarked in a gruff sort of way, that the trip would be a stormy one.

"How so?" inquired one of the ministers, who happened to overhear the remark.

"Because there's so many ministers on board," said the mate.

"Why," said the minister, "I've travelled on the lake for the last five years, and never was in a storm yet; how do you account for that?"

"Why," said the mate, hesitatingly, "perhaps you're not much of a preacher."

A School Committee Man.—Not long ago an influential man, being placed in the responsible position of Chairman of the School Committee, prepared the Annual Report, which is distributed among the people for general perusal. In commenting upon the capabilities of the teachers he remarked:—"He was sorry to say the lady teachers were generally deficient in the general information they were possessed of!"

☞ Church-Going.—A New York clergyman says, there are not in that city more than two hundred thousand church-goers—of whom one-half are Roman Catholics. At any one time not more than fifty thousand can be found attending public worship.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

written for the saturday evening post.

Practical Fertility.

Certainly we may be as practical as a plough if you please, and nevertheless run our practice so foolishly at fault as to serve us little purpose.

In our various practices of fertilizing the soil to a maximum of productiveness, we are all—every "digger" among the whole fraternity agricultural, at fault—some more, some less—but all of us too far for our best interests. We cannot help that—at least not in a week or a month, or a year—not until a wiser than Liebig, or Boussingault or Johnson shall arise and teach us all the chemical conditions into which any specific fertilizer may be changed, and we have learned just what and how much of each of the constituents of plant life the grains and vegetables we produce require, and will readily appropriate as food.

But certain it is that we can all do a great deal better than our neighbor over across the Delaware, in the kingdom of Jersey, did last August. He had cut a tolerably fair crop of oats from a field of five acres, that he designed for, and has in wheat. The land was in fair heart, required no lime or phosphatic stimulants in the usual sense—was deficient in potash, but twenty dollars would have supplied all that was requisite of that material for the five acres.

Instead, however, of feeding twenty dollars' worth of potash in a form to act direct upon the silica of the soil he smothered his five acres under *Seven Hundred Dollars'* worth of "camp compost"—literally the wash of our army camps in Virginia.

Now there was potash—some, unquestionably in all that $700 worth of camp compost; but not in the most available form to make wheat straw of; and as none of the camp wash material is of a very lasting quality, we don't quite see how our friend is to get his $700, with interest, out of that five-acre field.

Buckwheat as a Fertilizer.

Agricultural orthodoxy would say—go with science and the majority, in favor of clover for ploughing under as a fertilizer, but until we shall come upon a practical demonstration clearer than anything we have ever seen yet in favor of clover, we shall stand by our buckwheat practice—not as a universal one by any means, but as a safe and cheap one in such cases as the following:

Having a corner of about two and a half acres marked—P. P. P. P.—though there were only three corners to it—thus, in interpretation—*Pretty—Poor—Place—Positively*, too poor to produce *beans*, we said "let us see what virtue there is in buckwheat."

Well, the place was ploughed deep and faithfully early, harrowed, sowed in buckwheat on the 23d and 24th of April, and harrowed lightly after sowing. On the 20th of July the buckwheat—a very fair crop, was very ripe—That was part of the policy. It "shattered" we say this way a good deal in harvesting—probably three bushels to the acre—quite enough for an extra heavy seeding.

The crop was hurried off the ground as soon as possible, and the surface was gone over twice faithfully with a light harrow. The second crop came up thick, grew rapidly, and in the first week in September, when it was turned under, the average of the field stood about eighteen inches high, and so thick that the straw was unusually small and tender.

In the last week in September the ground was ploughed lightly and sown to wheat. The first crop of buckwheat afforded an average yield after all the shelling out, and in the beginning of winter the grain was as bright, sound and sweet as if the crop had come in in October. The yield of wheat from that *Poor Place* buckwheat fertilized was three bushels per acre greater than had been the best returns in the neighborhood from guano or any other practice.

We should not make a single experiment the basis of a plea in favor of buckwheat practice under similar conditions; but when we come to count eleven of them, all with equally satisfactory results, we begin to dare to think confidently of the practice.

An Agricultural Blessing.

The Rural American—a particularly pretty, good and interesting agricultural semi-monthly journal, published by T. B. Miner, Esq., Clinton, Oneida Co., New York, is exactly what we set out on this paragraph with—an agricultural blessing. Its editor, Mr. T. B. Miner, is a veteran at the plough and a good many other rural avocations, preaches rural affairs practically, and talks agriculture like a *man*.

The *Rural* is a handsome, ably edited journal—lively, interesting, entertaining, and always instructive to the farmer and the farmer's whole family.

Prepare for Trouble.

It is better we do so with what tact, expedition and energy we possess, and as early as we can. It is never a good philosophy to borrow trouble by going out to meet it. But when two great troubles like those of the cholera and cattle plague are creeping surely and insidiously towards our shores, it is quite time we were up wide awake, and fencing ourselves in with every sanitary precaution at command.

The terrible cattle epidemic is still alarmingly on the increase in England—more than twenty thousand fatal cases reported by the last advices, in a single week in England. Several clearly established cases have occurred in Cuba, half a dozen in Bermuda, and it is not quite clear that we have not had a few cases already in the United States.

The cholera is gradually moving westward by the southern passage, at present sweeping away its victims in the West India islands at a fearful rate, and as we shall probably have it with us by about June next, and the cattle "Death," a month or so later, let us improve the intervening space by putting ourselves in the best possible state of defence against both invaders.

Corn Culture.

If ordinary barn-yard manure is to be used for corn fertilizing, it ought to be all afield and spread over the surface by the last week in March. It is always better to plough early, while there is time for several sharp frosts to come after. Frost is a wonderful exterminator of a variety of insect pests if exposed in an embryo state, and almost as efficient as a disintegrator of the soil.

The second ploughing and final preparation of the land should be delayed until the soil is so warm that there can be no chill to the grain, and then the planting ought to follow as early as possible.

Most people attach no importance to the directions of the rows in a corn-field, but if they will only set common sense to work, it will tell them pretty plainly that corn in all the first stages of growth, until the ears have set and begin to glaze, requires the light and warmth of the sun as early in the morning and as late in the evening, as it can possibly get it. In the middle of the day, the sun shines down to the ground readily enough, whatever the direction of the rows. But for the early morning, and late, evening sunlight, plant corn *east* and *west*.

Every thing else being equal, the acre of corn thus planted in the same field, with another acre planted the reverse, will, it is believed yield five bushels the most grain, and an equal excess of fodder.

RECEIPTS.

Original.

An Excellent Pie.

One cup of mashed potato, one cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, half a cup of cream, two eggs, flavor with nutmeg or rose water. Bake this in an under crust like a tart.

Indian Bread.

1 quart sour milk, 1 cup molasses, 1 teaspoonful soda, 3 cups Indian meal, 2 cups flour—baked in loaf not less than two hours, four is desirable—slow oven.

Welsh Rabbit.

Cut up half a pound of new cheese, put in a lump of butter as large as an egg, a teaspoonful of mustard, set it over the fire in a tin pan, stirring till thoroughly melted; have ready two pieces of bread well toasted, spread the melted cheese thickly over it, place it before the fire to brown, then serve hot.

Bread Cake.

One cup of butter, 2 cups of sugar, 1 bowl of light sponge, 3 eggs well beaten, 1 teaspoonful of saleratus, spices, and raisins, flour enough to make it stiff.

Home-Made Yeast.

Take a handful of loose hops, (a pinch only of pressed ones) and tie in a bit of muslin; boil twenty minutes in two quarts of water; take them out and throw in four sliced potatoes, and boil until soft; then strain all through a seive, and add a half teacupful of salt, the same of brown sugar; scald these, and let it stand till lukewarm; add sufficient yeast to rise it. When quite light, or when it ceases to bubble up put it in a jug or covered jar. Set it in a cool place, and it will keep. L. A. D.

Selected.

American Pudding.—Put on a pint of new milk to scald; while this is heating, stir three large spoonsful of rice flour into a cup of milk; when quite smooth stir it into the boiling milk, add a little salt, and a large spoonful of butter; grate in the oily part of the rind of a lemon, and add also some nutmeg, and one wine-glassful of brandy; beat these all together, add three large spoonsful of good brown sugar, beat five eggs very light, and stir in; butter a dish and pour it in; bake as long as custard.

Marlborough Pudding.—Grate half a pound of pippins, stir to a cream one-quarter of pound of sugar, and a quarter of a pound of butter, and add the grated apples; grate the rind of a fresh lemon, whip very light five eggs, and beat all well together; line a dish with puff paste, and put in the above; bake half an hour.

Tapioca Pudding.—Soak over night a teacupful of the best lump tapioca in milk; the next day boil one pint of new milk, and stir in the tapioca which has been soaked; then stir a large spoonful of butter and a little salt, two large spoonsful of sugar, one wine-glass of rose water, and a little grated nutmeg; then beat four eggs very light and stir in; mix all well together, and bake in a dish half an hour. Sago is very nice prepared in the same way.

Rice Pudding, or "Riz au Lait."—This pudding if properly prepared is better without eggs; wash a coffeecupful of rice well; put it into one quart of new milk over night to soak; in the morning add a large spoonful of butter, a little salt, grated nutmeg, and a little ground cinnamon, then one pint more of new milk; then put it into the oven; and when it has begun to warm stir the pudding without removing from the oven; stone a quarter of a pound of the best raisins, and add at this time; then let it cook until the rice is perfectly done.

Baked Flour Pudding.—Beat very light six eggs, separating the whites from the yolks; sift into a pan seven large spoonsful of wheat flour; on this pour some milk, just enough to make a smooth batter; then stir in the yolks of the eggs, and a very little salt; then the remainder of the milk, which must be in all a quart; a large spoonful of brandy stirred in; then add the whites beaten to a stiff froth; butter a baking dish, and pour in the batter. The lightness of this pudding depends on the whipping of the eggs. Bake it in rather a quick oven half an hour; send to table the instant it comes from the oven; serve it with "wine sauce."

Beavers.

An English writer demolishes the old idea that the tail of the beaver is his trowel. He observed the beavers building their dam and houses in the Zoological Gardens at London:

The commencement of the first lodge, or hut-building operation, was inaugurated by Mr. Bartlett, the superintendent of the garden, who placed in the paddock an old box, mouth downward, with one end knocked out. The beavers at once took to this shelter, and commenced piling upon it and around it the puddled clay with which they had been supplied in one corner of the enclosure. Of course the reader expects to be told about the wondrous dexterity with which they plastered the work with their tails; in truth they did nothing of the kind, and all the stories about the animal using his tail as a trowel are pure myths, caused, doubtless, by the apparent applicability of that appendage to such a purpose. It is a rudder, and nothing more, to assist the animal in directing its course in the water, and is perfectly useless at plaster's work. The clay moistened with the little running stream close at hand, was carried by his fore-paws, and dabbled on the roof he was making over the box. This process of daubing and puddling was alternated by carefully placing branches across and athwart the mud-work, interlacing the former, and then filling up the interstices with the puddled clay.

THE RIDDLER.

Scriptural Enigma.

1. To whom did John his third epistle write?
2. What prophet sent all idols from the land?
3. What idol bowed and fell before God's might?
4. Who slew his trusting friend with his own hand?
5. Whose seven sons vainly strove to follow Paul?
6. The father of a pious, gentle queen.
7. What noted ruler was convinced by Paul?
8. What man tried Paul from want and harm to screen?
9. Who boldly told King David of his guilt?
10. What son his royal father basely slew?
11. What priest an altar for King Ahaz built?
12. Who rose to honor, though a captive Jew?
13. What patriarch a falsehood told through fear?
14. The town whose ruin Nahum oft foretold.
15. What man was killed by one whom he held dear?
16. Who, waiting bribes, did Paul in prison hold?
17. Whose name shows forth the sorrows of his birth?
18. What woman long time held her fearful guard?
19. What prophet brought a time of fearful dearth?

When for long years the floods of Heaven were barred.
Gentle and merciful to those
Who humbly seek his face,
God's wrathful fire will yet consume
The unbelieving race.

Problem.

written for the saturday evening post.

There is a park in the form of an equilateral triangle containing half an acre. Inscribed within this triangle is a circular walk 6 feet wide, in the centre of which stands a pole, which was broken off by a gale of wind, one-third of the way up; the top striking the inside edge of the walk, and the other end resting on the stump. What was the height of the pole?

MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Alligation Question.

written for the saturday evening post.

Bought 80 gallons of mountain wine, for which I paid $66. What quantity of water must I add to it to reduce the first cost of it to 80 cents a gallon? PETER PLAIN.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is the Secretary of the Navy like an enthusiastic oil speculator? Ans.—Because he is Giddy on Wells.

☞ How was it that Noah did not emerge first from the ark? Ans.—Because he came forth.

☞ Why should every lamplighter be named William? Ans.—Because Bills run up so quickly.

☞ Why does a chicken three weeks, three days, and three hours old, walk across the road? Ans.—To get to the other side.

☞ Why is a nun invariably disappointed with her mode of life? Ans.—Because it's "no end of a cell."

☞ When is echo like a visiting acquaintance? Ans.—When she returns your call.

Answers to Last.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA—
"Therefore let us not sleep."—1 Thess. v. 6.

1. T amar	2 Sam. xiv. 27.
2. H iel	1 Kings xvi. 34.
3. E phron	Gen. xxiii. 16.
4. R iblah	2 Kings. xxv. 21.
5. E vil-merodach	2 Kings xxv. 27.
6. F elix	Acts xxiv. 27.
7. O nesiphorus	2 Tim. i. 16.
8. R hoda	Acts xii. 13.
9. E bed-melech	Jer. xxxviii. 11.
10. L achish	2 Chron. xxv. 27.
11. E glon	Judg. iii. 15.
12. T hebez	Judg. ix. 50.
13. U rijah	Jer. xxvi. 21.
14. S egub	1 Kings xvi. 34.
15. N abal	1 Sam. xxv. 3.
16. O thniel	Judg. i. 13.
17. T irzah	1 Kings xv. 33.
18. S osthenes	Acts xviii. 17.
19. L uz	Gen. xxviii. 19.
20. E li	1 Sam. iv. 18.
21. E lah	1 Sam. xxi. 9.
22. P atmos	Rev. i. 9.

GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS—Madeira, Cape Horn, Carolina, Tobasco, New Hepridee, Montreal, San Marino, Charlestown, Hindostan, New Ireland, Lombardy, South Shetland, St. Helena, Belgium.

Answer to Morgan Stevens's PROBLEM of Jan. 27th.—The word civilized contains the key to the puzzle. Five-ninths of this word is "civil," the letters of which are Latin numerals c—100. i—1 v—5 i—1, l—50, the sum of which is 100+1+5+1+50—157. So that the sum of my whole (civil) is 157; also one of the parts (100) is 100 times another part (1). Take four-fifths of myself from myself civil—ivil—c or 157—57—100, which is over half. Which satisfies all the condition of the puzzle. Morgan Stevens, A. A. Greenwood, Francis M. Priest, Henry R. Spink, L. M. Farwell, Prene, Millard F. Wimer.

Answer to S. Horace G.'s PROBLEM of Jan. 13th—

22	47	16	41	10	35	4
5	23	48	17	42	11	29
30	6	24	49	18	36	12
13	31	7	25	43	19	37
38	14	32	1	26	44	20
21	39	8	33	2	27	45
46	15	40	9	34	3	28

S. Horace G. Answer by Morgan Stevens—

30	39	48	1	10	19	28
38	47	7	9	18	27	29
46	6	8	17	26	35	37
5	14	16	25	34	36	45
13	15	24	33	42	44	4
21	23	32	41	43	3	12
22	31	40	49	2	11	20

The sum total either way is 175.

☞ All the young men in a town in Indiana have agreed to total abstinence from spirits for one year.